



# Boogie Down Productions Lyrics

## "Poetry"

Verse one: krs-one

Well now you're forced to listen to the teacher and the lesson  
Class is in session so you can stop guessin  
If this is a tape or a written down memo  
See I am a professional, this is not a demo  
In fact call it a lecture, a visual picture  
Sort of a poetic and rhythm-like mixture  
Listen, I'm not dissin but there's somethin that you're missin  
Maybe you should touch reality, stop wishin  
For beats with plenty bass and lyrics said in haste  
If this meaning doesn't manifest put it to rest  
I am a poet, you try to show it, yet blow it  
It takes concentration for fresh communication  
Observation, that is to see without speaking  
Take off your coat, take notes, I am teachin  
A class, or rather school, cause you need schooling  
I am not a king or queen, I'm not ruling  
This is an introduction to poetry  
A small dedication to those that might know of me  
They might know of you and maybe your gang  
But one thing's for sure, neither one of y'all can hang  
Cause yo I'm like a arrow, and scott is the crossbow  
Say something now ... thought so  
You seem to be the type that only understand  
The annihilation and destruction of the next man  
That's not poetry, that is insanity  
It's simply fantasy far from reality  
Poetry is the language of imagination  
Poetry is a form of positive creation  
Difficult, isn't it? the point? you're missin it  
Your face is in front of my hand so I'm dissin it

Verse two: krs-one

Scott larock is innovating, decorating hip-hop  
The beat may drop but not like all the others  
They just cover while I just smother  
Every single stupid mutha -- wait wait brotha  
Krs-one will have to show another  
Mc or self-proclaimed king or queen  
Or gang or crew or solo or team  
That I mean

Business

So tell me what is this?

See I come from the bronx so just kiss this  
Boogie down productions is somewhat an experiment  
The antidote for sucka mc's and they're fearin it  
It's self-explanatory, no one's writin for me  
The poetry I'm rattlin is really not for battlin  
But if you want I will simply change the program  
So when I'm done you will simply say "damn"  
So this conversation is somewhat hypothetical  
Boogie down productions attempts to prove somethin  
I say hypothetical because it's only theory  
My theory, so take a minute now to hear me

Verse three: krs-one

So what's your problem?

It seems you want to be krs-two  
From my point of view, backtrack, stop the attack  
Cos krs-one means simply one krs  
That's it, that's all, solo, single, no more, no less  
I've built up my credential financially and mental  
Anytime I rhyme I request the instrumental  
I speak clearly and that's merely  
Or should I say a mere, help to my career  
I'm really not into fashion or craze  
Just the one who pays and how soon I get a raise  
You're probably in a daze, acting out of sympathy  
Wrote a couple of rhymes and think that you can get with me  
But what a pity, I'm rockin new york city  
And everywhere else, you put the jams on the shelf  
You as an amateur is outspoken  
I'm looking at your face, you seem to be hopin  
That I might stutter, stop, or just mess up  
But everything's live that's why I don't dress up  
"blastmaster krs" a synonym for "fresh"  
I'm the teacher of the class, I do not pass no test  
Got dj scott larock by my side, not in back of me  
Cos we make up the boogie down productions crew faculty  
Get it right, or train yourself not to bite  
Cos when you bite you have bitten, when I hear it, that's it  
I do not contemplate a battle cause it really ain't worth it  
I'd rather point a pistol at your head and try to burst it

I'm teaching poetry

I'm teaching poetry

Scott larock

We're teaching po-e-try

# Boogie Down Productions Lyrics

## "South Bronx"

Scott la rock: yo, wassup blastmaster krs-one. this jam is kickin'

Krs: word! yo, what-up d-nice?

D-nice: yo, wassup scott la rock?

Slr: yo man, we chillin' this funky fresh jam. I wanna tell

You a little somethin' about us. we're the boogie down

Productions crew and due to the fact that no-one else out there

Knew what time it was, we have to tell you a little story about

Where we come from...

South bronx, the south south bronx (4x)

Many people tell me this style is terrific

It is kinda different but let's get specific

Krs-one specialized in music

I'll only use this type of style when I choose it

Party people in the place to be, krs-one attacks

Ya got dropped off mca cause the rhymes you wrote was wack

So you think that hip-hop had it's start out in queensbridge

If you popped that junk up in the bronx you might not live

Cause you're in...

South bronx, the south south bronx (4x)

I came with scott larock to express one thing

I am a teacher and others are kings

If that's a title they earn, well it's well deserved, but

Without a crown, see, I still burn

You settle for a pebble not a stone like a rebel

Krs-one is the holder of a boulder, money folder

You want a fresh style let me show ya

Now way back in the days when hip-hop began

With coque larock, kool herc, and then bam

Beat boys ran to the latest jam

But when it got shot up they went home and said "damn

There's got to be a better way to hear our music every day

Beat boys gettin blown away but comin outside anyway"

They tried again outside in cedar park

Power from a street light made the place dark

But yo, they didn't care, they turned it out

I know a few understand what I'm talkin about

Remember bronx river rollin thick

With kool dj red alert and chuck chillout on the mix

When afrika islam was rockin the jams

And on the other side of town was a kid named flash  
Patterson and millbrook projects  
Casanova all over, ya couldn't stop it  
The nine lives crew, the cypress boys  
The real rock steady takin out these toys  
As odd as it looked, as wild as it seemed  
I didn't hear a peep from a place called queens  
It was seventy-six, to 1980  
The dreads in brooklyn was crazy  
You couldn't bring out your set with no hip-hop  
Because the pistols would go...  
So why don't you wise up, show all the people in the place that you are wack  
Instead of tryna take out ll, you need to take your homeboys off the crack  
Cos if you don't, well, then their nerves will become shot  
And that would leave the job up to my own scott larock  
And he's from...

South bronx, the south south bronx (8x)

The human tr-808, d-nice  
The poet, the blastmaster krs-one  
The grand incredible dj scott la rock  
Boogie...down...productions  
Fresh for '86, suckers!  
(ha ha ha ha ha)

# Boogie Down Productions Lyrics

## "9mm Goes Bang"

La la-la la-la la-la la...la...la...la  
La la-la la-la la-la la..la..la...la...la

Buck! buck!

Chorus:

Wa da da dang  
Wa da da da dang (ay!)  
Listen to my 9 millimeter go bang  
Wa da da dang  
Wa da da da dang (ay!)  
This is krs-one...

Verse 1:

Me knew a crack dealer by the name of peter  
Had to buck him down with my 9 millimeter  
He said I had his girl, I said "now what are you? stupid? "  
But he tried to play me out and krs-one knew it  
He reached for his pistol but it was just a waste  
Cos my 9 millimeter was up against his face  
He pulled his pistol anyway and I filled him full of lead  
But just before he fell to the ground this is what I said...

Repeat chorus

La la-la la-la la-la la...la...la...la  
La la-la la-la la-la la..la..la...la...la x2

Verse 2:

Seven days later I was chillin in the herb gate  
But seven days too much when the gossip has to circulate  
Puffin sensemilla I heard "knock knock knock"  
But the way that they knocked it did not sound like any cop  
And if it were a customer they'd ask me for a nick  
So suddenly I realized it had to be a trick  
I dropped down to the floor and they did not waste no time  
They shot right through the door so I had to go for mine  
They pumped and shot again but the suckas kept on missin  
Cos I was on the floor by now, I crawled into the kitchen  
Thirty seconds later, boy, they bust the door down

The money and the sensemi' was lyin all around  
But just as they put their pistols down to take a cut  
Me jumped out the kitchen, went "buck! buck! buck!"  
They fall down to the floor but one was still alive  
So I put my 9 millimeter right between his eyes  
Looked at his potnah and both of them were dead  
So just before he joined his potnah this is what I said...

Repeat chorus

La la-la la-la la-la la...la...la...la  
La la-la la-la la-la la..la..la...la...la x2

Verse 3:

I gathered all the money and I ran up the block  
I said "this is a perfect time to meet with scott larock"  
But scott is either psychic or he has a knack for trouble  
Cos scott larock showed up in a all-black bmw  
I jumped inside the car and we screeched off in a hurry  
And scott said "what is wrong? relax, tell me the story"  
I said "you remember peter? well his posse tried to kill me  
I'm all right now because the sensemi' fill me"  
Scott just laughed, he said "i know they're all dead  
And just before you pulled the trigger this is what you said..."

Repeat chorus

La la-la la-la la-la la...la...la...la  
La la-la la-la la-la la..la..la...la...la x2

# Boogie Down Productions Lyrics

## "Word From Our Sponsor"

Intro:

This is a test  
Of the boogie down production  
Prevention against sucka mc's  
In the event of a real emergency  
You would have been instructed  
On which jams to play  
And how loud to blast your radio  
And now, a word from our sponsor

Verse one:

I'm from the bronx, blastmaster krs-one  
Provin that my job ain't done until I get some  
More, no need to roar or yell  
Cos I can still tell what will sell  
And would have sold without yellin over a drum roll  
That style is old, so unfold  
Blossom, bloom, you got the room  
So go ahead and consume  
A new era, krs-one comes better  
Bite another lyric? never  
Cos I'm too clever, however  
I own my own label  
Partners with scott larock, he's on the turntable  
And partner lee smith  
I'm exercising a true gift just to uplift  
Hip-hop, hip-hop  
My voice is like a monster  
And now a word from our sponsor

Verse two:

Two, three, four, five, sex, seven, eight, nine, ten  
I gotta start this rhyme again  
How many words can I find that rhyme  
And still keep in mind every lyric must come out on time  
Not many but I have plenty  
Scott larock sent me just to devastate any-  
One, any daughter, any son that comes my way  
Hey, you got to go the other way  
I represent my dj scott larock



D-nice, the beat box  
I only wear nike's, not adidas or reeboks  
Many people know me, yet I'm known by few  
My name is krs-one, son  
Not two or three or four or five or six  
The mix is on scott larock and scott larock is on the mix

Verse three:

Cool like the air we breathe  
Inhale, exhale, perpetrators will fail  
As sure as my name is "blastmaster krs"  
Sit and listen to the very essence of this tale  
From the days of prison I have uprisen  
To my family members I'm marked down as missin  
Listen, circumstances put me right in the street  
With the will to survive, get paid, eat, and sleep  
Some weep, or should I rather say some cry  
Can't get by so later on they die  
Because the strong will survive  
The weak will perish  
Ignorance is a poison and knowledge will nourish  
I love what I got and like what I had  
I'm glad, not sad, and I don't even get mad  
I get even, myself and some others I believe in  
Cos these others are my brothas and perfection we're achievin  
Yes, my name is krs, my brother is a rasta  
Let me pause, and now a word from our sponsor

# Boogie Down Productions Lyrics

## "Elementary"

### Verse 1:

I hear the same old rhyme, the same old style  
The same old runner has ran the mile  
See, I don't know exactly what you know  
But what I know is that stuff gotta go  
Usually when I pick up the mic  
Something I'll jump out my mouth for that night  
I like to talk about fact not fiction  
I got some fantasy rhymes but just listen  
Everything I write is premeditated  
Suckas wanna fake it, I just hate it  
Bitin routines or sayin somethin kinda weak  
My words are comprehended every time I speak  
Or have spoken, no I'm not jokin  
Please don't sleep, I hope you are awoken  
Stop! try this again, you had enough? say when  
I am the man with the six-pack of heineken  
I get tipsy  
But never in your life try to dis me  
Cos I don't battle with rhymes, I battle with guns  
Knowledge reigns supreme over nearly every one  
If you take the first letter of what I just sung  
You spell my name "krs-one"  
It's elementary

### Elementary

### Verse 2:

Dj scott larock and i: krs-one  
Our mother's first son and no, we'll never run  
From complex situations like you t-o-y-s's  
Always talkin junk, yet in jail, you're rockin dresses  
I have arrived for the purpose of joy  
Unlike any ordinary bronx b-boy  
I will volunteer my services and launch an attack  
On you fake educators with your yakety-yak  
This is a fact, the teacher is here now in the flesh  
Consistently hounded by you mc pests  
If you really want to learn from me  
Don't waste time in burnin me  
Cos ignorance and inexperience does not concern me

I will emphasize so you will realize and come alive  
Never close your eyes, never sleep or you might take a dive  
Many people hate me, many people love me  
Some are far below me  
And you know there's some above me  
But this, my hypothesis, to conclude the story  
All you fake mc's on a mission, you bore me  
I'm the blastmaster krs on the mic  
Watchin all these females rock their pants too tight  
Cos there's no other creative composition on display  
That give a full analysis and rock this way  
You will pay, eventually you all will decay  
While the dj scott larock will continue to play  
Cuttin records, drivin cars, and you'll know who we are  
Make a mix just for kicks  
And you'll be on our tip  
And, oh yes, there's a highlight to the show, of course  
You hear dj scott larock (go off! go off!)

(scott la rock) (go off! go off!) x8

Verse 3:

Boogie down productions, no reduction to it's title  
If you have a headache, toys, go and take a midol  
We have arrived for the purpose of enjoyment  
You have arrived to make up for unemployment  
You're on it only cos I learned just how to flaunt it  
I breathed a rhyme upon you like a sickness and you caught it  
Quick, get off the tip, trick, you must be sick  
Like a doctor here's my bill, I wrote it out with a bic  
Signed my name upon the bottle cos you know I just rocked em  
But gettin into battles really isn't my thing  
You're probably thinking these are the rhymes for the century  
But please don't mention me  
It's only elementary

Elementary

All it really is to me and scott la rock...is elementary

Elementary

Elementary

# Boogie Down Productions Lyrics

## "Dope Beat"

[krs]i got a dope beat?  
[all]you got a dope beat  
[krs] I got a dope beat..  
[all] we got a dope beat  
[krs]i got a dope beat..  
[all] you got a dope beat  
[krs] I got a dope beat!!  
[all] we got a dope beat!!

My name is at the top of all of those that mix  
I'm turnin poetry into cash for eighty-seven  
Some did it got paid, some jams were never played  
But I am just a poet who watched the whole parade  
Go by, and why? cause they wasn't fly  
Others claim to be fresh, but they're not krs  
I cannot walk around the street, with my head in the clouds  
Either runnin on my gear, or havin colors too loud  
Everything must coincide with the way I feel  
And by the way, it's scott larock on the wheels of steel  
So I take one step, to adjust the mic  
I get around the whole city so I do wear nike  
I like a funky beat, a studio like unique  
I write the crazy fresh lyrics and I don't eat meat  
You can look me up and down, and my dj too  
Because we make up the boogie down productions crew  
Takin out mc's - on the 1, 2, 3  
No matter who they claim to be in society  
Because we know their games, we have pulled their file  
If they need a different style we can get wild  
He's i.c.u., he's out to kill  
I'm krs, and we get ill  
Dj scott larock got his own beat  
The extravagant life, is what we seek  
I will tell you like this, cause I know for a fact  
I will live a long life, and I don't smoke crack  
Captivatn the crowd, seven days a week  
You know what they told me to say? I got the dope beat

[krs]i got a dope beat  
[all]you got a dope beat  
[krs]i got the dope beat  
[all]we got a dope beat  
[krs] I got a dope beat?

[all] you got a dope beat  
[krs]i got a dope beat!!  
[all]we got the dope beat!!

For me to say again another verse of my rhyme  
Means what you heard before must've blew up your mind  
So now it's time, to find, poetry like mine  
Do not waste all your time because I'm one-of-a-kind  
Pullin out, easy goin cause the money be flowin  
6'4", brown eyes, and I'm always showin  
Stupid mc's on the mic the way it 'posed to be done  
They study rhymes all week, but I be rhymin for fun  
When they lose they get upset, always pullin a gun  
But they will snap out of that, because I'm krs-one  
Not two, not three, but o-n-e  
Get it right the first time I won't repeat this rhyme  
If you think that you can burn me with your amateur ways  
Keep in mind that I been out there, from back in the days  
I don't braaaaaaaaag, about the people I know  
Because they're still bluffin, they're not givin me nothin  
I can walk around the city with the rhymes I flaunt  
Cause no matter how you front they're still the ones you want  
See, I am funky fresh and poetry is my opinion  
Takin out you suckers while the scott larock is spinnin!

.. \*guitar interlude\* ..

My name is krs-one, I'm still kinda young  
I don't wear adidas cause my name ain't run  
Got nike's on my feet, and to be complete  
I can rock an american or reggae beat  
Got rhymes for 70's, 80's, and 90's  
Not bein conceited but it won't pay to try me  
Out to any feud, any battle, any reason  
Make the rhymes up every season this style I'm just teasin  
Pick up the pace, homeboy, pick up the pace  
You're way behind schedule, listen to what I'm tellin you  
This particular style may vary  
The things I converse about are heard rarely  
Some can't bear me, others try to scare me  
Soundin intelligent but not yet equivalent!!  
You know what? ?

[all]you got a dope beat  
[krs]i got a dope beat!  
[all] we got a dope beat  
[krs] I got the dope beat?  
[all]you got the dope beat  
[krs]i got the dope beat!

[all]we got the dope beat!  
[krs]i've got the dope beat!  
[all]you've got the dope beat  
[krs]i got the dope beat!  
[all]we got the dope beat  
[krs]beat that we got? ?  
[all] the dope beat!

I.c.u., is in the house...  
Miss melodie, is in the house...  
Lena love, is in the house...  
D-nice, rocks the house...  
Gold miss idol, rocks the house...  
Flavois walker, turns em out...  
40th street black, knocks em out...  
To my mellow mooses gun, rock the house...  
Naughty, bust it out...  
Mcboo, turns it out...  
Chuck chillout, cuts it up...  
Red alert, breaks it out...  
Scott larock jr..  
My pride and joy...  
Krs-one.. his mother's first son  
And no he'll never run...  
Bd... bd...  
Scott larock...  
Scott larock

# Boogie Down Productions Lyrics

## "The P Is Free"

Yes, scott larock you know you rule hip-hop  
Yes, mr. lee you can rule hip-hop  
And, b-57 you can rule hip-hop  
But, krs-one rule it non-stop  
When I'm in brooklyn, yes, we rulin hip-hop  
When I'm in manhattan, we rulin hip-hop  
When I'm in queens, we rulin hip-hop  
And when in staten island we rulin hip-hop  
But in the bronx, we rulin y'all tonight  
But in the bronx, we rulin y'all tonight  
We come to rock you whether you're black or you're white  
Cos krs-one you know I'm never ? frank?  
Come catch a star

The girlies are free  
Cos the crack costs money  
Oh yeah  
I say the girlies are free  
Cos the crack costs money  
Oh yeah

Ridin one day on my freestyle fix  
Jammin to a tape scott larock had mixed  
I said to myself "this tape sound funky"  
Ridin past the 116th street junkie  
Thought I saw denise but I was only assumin  
Took another look and that butt was boomin  
Did a little trick on my freestyle fix  
And I was right beside the girl, she was all on the tip  
She said "hi, dj krs"  
She kissed me on my neck so I gave her a peck  
She said "i'm really in a hurry so I cannot wait  
If you give me a life while we ride to the ? bait? "  
She jumped on my bike, I said "huh, what's your stop? "  
She said "right around the corner to the crack spot  
If you buy me a crack I'll know how to act  
But if you don't, you might as well step back"  
I said "now how the hell we jump off to this?  
I'm doin you a favor, I'm givin you a lift"  
She said "krs, you know it goes"  
I said "yeah, you little.....it seems that you're a hoe"  
I did a little trick on my freestyle fix  
And she was right on the ground lookin after it

Because...

A girl tried to take my out one day  
For a play, not your everyday ? trey?  
We walked to the spot, she says she want a rock  
I looked in my pocket, didn't have a lot  
I said "you better get yourself a job"  
She tried to tell me that times were hard  
I told the hoe, I said "yo, that's not my fault  
You need a vault", I'm out to assault  
Any girl I find who try to take my for mine  
I'm gonna have to ? pin? it just another time  
But...



# Boogie Down Productions Lyrics

## "The Bridge Is Over"

Intro:

I say, the bridge is over, the bridge is over, biddy-bye-bye!  
The bridge is over, the bridge is over, hey, hey!  
The bridge is over, the bridge is over, biddy-bye-bye!  
The bridge is over, the bridge is over

Verse one:

You see me come in any dance wid de spliff of sensei  
Down with the sound called bdp  
If you want to join the crew well you must see me  
Ya can't sound like shan or the one marley  
Because shan and marley marl dem-a-rhyming like they gay  
Pickin up the mic, mon, dem don't know what to say  
Sayin that hip-hop started out in queensbridge  
Sayin lies like that, mon, you know dem can't live  
So i, tell them again, me come to tell them again, gwan!  
Tell them again, me come to tell them agaaain  
Tell them again, me come to tell them again, gwan!  
Tell them again, me come to te-ell them  
Manhattan keeps on makin it, brooklyn keeps on takin it  
Bronx keeps creatin it, and queens keeps on fakin it

Verse two:

Di-di di-da, di di-di, dida di-day, aiy!  
All you sucka mc, won't you please come out to play, cause  
Here's an example of krs-one, bo!  
Here's an example of krs-one  
They wish to battle bdp, but they cannot  
They must be on the dick of who? dj scott larock  
Cause, we don't complain nor do we play the game of favors  
Boogie down productions comes in three different flavors  
Pick any dick for the flavor that you savor  
Mr. magic might wish to come and try to save ya  
But instead of helpin ya out he wants the same thing I gave ya  
I finally figured it out, magic mouth is used for suckin  
Roxanne shante is only good for steady fuckin  
Mc shan and marley marl is really only bluffin  
Like doug e. fresh said "i tell you now, you ain't nuthin"  
Compared to red alert on kiss and boogie down productions  
So easy now man, I me say easy now mon

To krs-one you know dem can't understand  
Me movin over there and then me movin over here  
This name of this routine is called live at union square  
Square, square, square, ooooooooooooooooooooooooooooo  
What's the matter with your mc, marley marl?  
Don't know you know that he's out of touch  
What's the matter with your dj, mc shan?  
On the wheels of steel marlon sucks  
You'd better change what comes out your speaker  
You're better off talkin bout your wack puma sneaker  
Cause bronx created hip-hop, queens will only get dropped  
You're still tellin lies to me  
Everybody's talkin bout the juice crew funny  
But you're still tellin lies to me

# Boogie Down Productions Lyrics

## "Super Hoe"

[phone ringing]

Scott: yo, kris. I really knocked the boots on those two big-butt  
Females last night.

Kris: jeeez!

Scott: yeah, man. I'm on my way down to latin quarter to find two  
More freaks...

Kris: word...

[super sperm]

Chorus: repeat 2x

Scott larock had em all  
He is the super hoe

[super sperm]

Verse one: krs-one

Scott larock is for now the main topic  
Not looking at his cuts or cash flow of the pocket  
You may not realize it or you may not know  
But, uh... (he is the super hoe)  
When I say super I'm not exaggeratin  
Datin for a guy like scott turns into matin  
He seems to be quiet but I don't buy it  
Proof is in the puddin, why don't you just try it  
The super hoe is loose in your section  
And he's armed with a powerful erection  
So grab your girl and run for protection  
Your momma too, cause I like to mention

Chorus

[super sperm] 4x

Verse two: krs-one

Whatever you could do or say inside a bed  
Scott larock has done and most likely said  
He doesn't argue with a girl cause yes, he has others  
Keep updated on all kind of rubbers  
Got ones that are lambskin, others that are plastic

One day he'll open a school for prophylactics  
They don't know... (he is the super hoe)  
Up in rochester on dkx  
Wdkx, now dk-sex  
We were bein interviewed there live on air  
Every girl in the city scott had an affair  
Km in the am had asked his last question  
But scott larock said "wait, I gotta mention  
The fact that I'm single, I like to mingle"  
And one more time bust the fresh jingle

### Chorus

[super sperm] 4x

### Verse three: krs-one

In the field of music I'll always pass by  
Girls that claim to act so fly  
They always act like it's all about them or their friends  
But according to scott, they all like to bend  
Yes, fly girls, shy girls, black girls, white girls  
In eighty-seven it's got to be the right girl  
If you claim to have a little problem  
Well, scott larock knows just how to solve em  
If you're a guy a nine'll do the trick  
But if you're a girl, you need some... flowers  
I admit scott has strange powers  
Enticing girls in less than an hour  
Or should I say minutes? I seen how he did it  
He probably says "i'm scott larock" and she's with it  
So whether he's a gigolo, tramp, or pro... (he is the super hoe)  
Now many people have their ways of expressin  
What they do best, for scott it's undressin  
Yes, either a girl or some date for the night  
He doesn't want to hear that you're too tight  
So do not think that scott larock is mean  
It's not his fault, he'll give you vaseline  
The super hoe is loose in your area  
Makin life for girls a little scarier  
So if you got a radio tryin to tape this  
Do not keep in mind that he is a rapist  
For the super hoe to be chillin  
Another female out there has to be willin  
So all you tramps and hoes raise your hand  
Cos super hoe scott larock understands  
If you're a guy we'll talk about hangin  
And if you're a girl he'll talk about bangin  
If your moms call up, well, I don't know

But uh... (he is the super hoe)

Chorus

[super sperm] 8x

Chorus 3x

[super sperm]

# Boogie Down Productions Lyrics

## "Criminal Minded"

Intro: (sung by krs-one to the tune of the beatles "let it be")

Boogie down productions will always get paid  
We'll take the wackest song and make it better  
Remember to let us into your skin  
Cause then you'll begin, to master  
Rhymin rhymin rhymin

Verse one: krs-one

Criminal minded, you've been blinded  
Lookin for a style like mine you can't find it  
They are the audience, I am the lyricist  
Sometimes the suckas on the side gotta hear this  
Page, a rage, and I'm not in a cage  
Free as a bird to fly up out on stage  
Ain't here for no frontin just to say a little somethin  
Ya suckaz don't like me cause you're all about nothin  
However, I'm really fascinating to the letter  
My all-around performance gets better and better  
My english grammar comes down like a hammer  
You need a style, I need to pull your file  
I don't beg favors, you're kissing other people's ---  
I write and produce myself just as fast  
Keep my hair like this, got no time for jheri curls  
Attractin only women, got no time for little girls

[krs sings again] cause girls look so good  
But their brain is not ready, I don't know  
I'd rather talk to a woman  
Cause her mind is so steady, so here we go

I'm not a musical maniac or b-boy fanatic  
I simply made use of what was upstairs in the attic  
I've listened to these mc's back when I was a kid  
But I bust more shots than they ever did  
I mean this is not the best of krs, it's just a section  
But how many times must I point you in the right direction  
You need protection, when I'm on the mic  
Because my mouth is like a 9 millimeter windpipe  
You're a king, I'm a teacher  
You're a b-boy, I'm a scholar  
If this was a class, well it would go right under drama

See kings lose crowns but teachers stay intelligent  
Talkin big words on the mic but still irrelevant  
Especially when you're not, college material  
Wake up every morning to your lucky charms cereal  
Dj scott larock has a college degree  
Blastmaster krs writes poetry  
I won't go deeper in the subject cause that gets me bored  
It's a shame to know some mc's on the mic are fraud  
Sayin styles like this to create a diss  
But if you listen, who you dissin?  
See I am a musician  
Rappin on the mic like this to me is fine  
Cause if I really want to battle I will put out a nine  
You can see that scott larock and I are mentally binded  
In other words we're both criminal minded

Verse two: krs-one

We're not promoting violence, we're just havin some fun  
He's scott larock, I'm krs-one  
Never off-beat cause it don't make sense  
Grab the microphone, relaxed and not tense  
You waited, debated, and now you activated  
A musical genius that could not be duplicated  
See I have the formula for rockin the house  
If you cannot rock a party do not open your mouth  
It's that simple, no phony cosmetics to your pimple  
Take another look because the gear is not wrinkled  
The k, the r, the s, the o, the n, the e  
Sayin rhyme for eighty-seven not from 1983  
Well versed, to rehearse, and my rhymes are my curse  
Originality come first but the suckers get worse  
Allow me to include I have a very stable mood  
Poetic education of a high altitude  
I'm not an mc, so listen, call me poet or musician  
A genius when it comes to making music with ambition  
I'm cool, collected with the rhyme I directed  
Don't wanna be elected as the king of a record  
Just respected by others as the man with the solution  
An artist of the 80's came and left his contribution  
On wax, relax, there's 24 tracks  
After years of rocking parties now I picked up the knack  
Because everything that flows from out my larynx  
Takes years of experience and bottles of beck's  
I cannot seem to recollect the time I didn't have sex  
Is it real or is it memorex?  
I'm livin in a city known as new york state  
Sucka mc's gotta wait while I translate  
I hang with real live dreads with knowledge in their heads

People with ambition and straight up musicians  
Although our lives have been so uprooted  
I have it included, you all get zooted  
So take each letter of the krs-one  
Means knowledge reigns supreme over nearly everyone  
You look at me and laugh, but this is your class  
It's an all-out discussion of the suckas I be crushin  
So now you are awakened to the music I be makin  
Never duplicated, and also highly cultivated  
Don't get frustrated cause nothin has been traded  
Only activated, it came out very complicated  
Not separated, from my dj  
You see my voice is now faded  
I'll see you folks around the way

Criminal minded...



# Boogie Down Productions Lyrics

## "My Philosophy"

Voice: so, you're a philosopher?

Krs: yes, I think very deeply.

[repeated and scratched]

[verse one]

Let's begin, what, where, why, or when  
Will all be explained like instructions to a game  
See I'm not insane, in fact, I'm kind of rational  
When I be asking you, "who is more dramatical? "  
This one or that one, the white one or the black one  
Pick the punk, and I'll jump up to attack one  
Krs-one is just the guy to lead a crew  
Right up to your face and dis you  
Everyone saw me on the last album cover  
Holding a pistol something far from a lover  
Beside my brother, s-c-o-t-t  
I just laughed, cause no one can defeat me  
This is lecture number two, "my philosophy"  
Number one, was "poetry" you know it's me  
This is my philosophy, many artists got to learn  
I'm not flammable, I don't burn  
So please stop burnin, and learn to earn respect  
'cause that's just what kr collects  
See, what do you expect when you rhyme like a soft punk  
You walk down the street and get jumped  
You got to have style, and learn to be original  
And everybody's gonna wanna diss you  
Like me, we stood up for the south bronx  
And every sucka mc had a response  
You think we care? I know that they are on the tip  
My posse from the bronx is thick  
And we're real live, we walk correctly  
A lot of suckas would like to forget me  
But they can't, cause like a champ  
I have got a record of knocking out the frauds in a second  
On the mic, I believe that you should get loose  
I haven't come to tell you I have juice  
I just produce, create, innovate on a higher level  
I'll be back, but for now just seckle!

[verse two]

I'll play the nine and you play the target  
You all know my name so I guess I'll just start it

# Boogie Down Productions Lyrics

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[repeated and scratched]

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I just produce, create, innovate on a higher level  
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[verse two]

I'll play the nine and you play the target  
You all know my name so I guess I'll just start it

Or should I say, "start this," I am an artist  
Of new concepts at their hardest  
Cause, yo, I'm a teacher and scott is a scholar  
It ain't about money cause we all make dollars  
That's whyi walk with my head up  
When I hear wack rhymes I get fed up  
Rap is like a set-up, a lot of games  
A lot of suckas with colorful names  
I'm so-and-so, I'm this, I'm that  
Huh, but they all just wick-wick-wack  
I'm not white or red or black  
I'm brown.. from the boogie down  
Productions, of course our music be thumpin'  
Others say their bad, but they're buggin  
Let me tell you somethin' now about hip hop  
About d-nice, melodie, and scott la rock  
I'll get a pen, a pencil, a marker  
Mainly what I write is for the average new yorker  
Some mc's be talkin' and talkin'  
Tryin' to show how black people are walkin'  
But I don't walk this way to portray  
Or reinforce stereotypes of today  
Like all my brothas eat chicken and watermelon  
Talk broken english and drug sellin'  
See I'm tellin, and teaching real facts  
The way some act in rap is kind of wack  
And it lacks creativity and intelligence  
But they don't care cause the company is sellin' it  
It's my philosophy, on the industry  
Don't bother dissin me, or even wish that we'd  
Soften, dilute, or commercialize all our lyrics  
Cause it's about time one of y'all hear it  
And hear it first-hand from the intelligent brown man  
A vegetarian, no goat or ham  
Or chicken or turkey or hamburger  
'cause to me that's suicide self-murder  
Let us get back to what we call hip hop  
And what it meant to dj scott la rock...

[verse three]

How many mc's must get dissed  
Before somebody says, "don't f\*\*\* with kris!"  
This is just one style, out of many  
Like a piggy bank, this is one penny  
My brother's name is kenny - that's, kenny parker  
My other brother i.c.u. is much darker  
Boogie down productions is made up of teachers  
The lecture is conducted from the mic into the speaker  
Who gets weaker? the king or the teacher

It's not about a salary it's all about reality  
Teachers teach and do the world good  
Kings just rule and most are never understood  
If you were to rule or govern a certain industry  
All inside this room right now would be in misery  
No one would get along nor sing a song  
'cause everyone'd be singing for the king, am I wrong? !  
So yo, what's up, it's me again  
Scott la rock, krs, bdp again  
Many people had the nerve to think we would end the trend  
We're criminal minded, an album which is only ten  
Funky, funky, funky, funky, funky hit records  
No more than four minutes and some seconds  
The competition checks and checks and keeps checkin'  
They buy the album, take it home, and start sweatin'  
Why? well it's simple, to them it's kind of vital  
To take krs-one's title  
To them I'm like an idol, some type of entity  
In everybody's rhyme they wanna mention me?  
Or rather mention us, me or scott la rock  
But they can get bust get robbed, get dropped  
I don't play around nor do I f\*\*\* around  
And you can tell by the bodies that are left around  
When some clown jumps up to get beat down  
Broken down to his very last compound  
See how it sounds? a little unrational  
A lot of mc's like to use the word dramatical!  
Fresh for '88, you suckas...

# Boogie Down Productions Lyrics

## "Ya Slippin'🎯"

(yo man, these people around here in '87 just slippin-dough, you know what I'm sayin? boogie down productions not slippin-dough, so hold ya hands-you know what I'm sayin? (word) yo! what's goin' on? mr. magic-you know what Happened? he slipped on us-he die. pumpin kiss fm, we rock. to my man dj Red alert- we chillin' (word). yo man! yo do, heard about, man, this shit About this kid-wearin' the, ah, jerry curls, man.word up! he was slippin'. Yo dough, word up, word up. he had a yellow coat on, but no description was Given)

Now what you just heard, people, was a little kickin  
But let me tell you this while the clock is still tickin  
This is the warning, known as the caution:  
Do not attempt to dis 'cause you'll soften  
Just like a pillow, or better yet a mattress  
You can't match this style or attack this  
While I'm telling you, write on schedule  
Fuck with k-r-s and I'll bury you  
Deep in the dirt, or sand with a shovel  
No fight, no scurry, or scuffle, just muffle  
Total domination on stage  
Kris is the name, 22 is the age  
Those who wanna battle, I know who you are  
You got a little girl, you drive a little car  
You come into the place with that look on your face  
Before you ran the mile, you lost the race  
So assume you're doomed when you step in the room  
I'll be the witch and you'll be the broom  
I'll ride you, guide you into the concrete  
I'll slide you to a funky beat  
So what do we have here?  
A sucka in fear  
I snatched your heart  
Put it way up on the chart  
At ten you're fucked  
At nine you suck  
At eight you're a sucker  
At seven-a mothafucka  
At six you're slapped  
At five you're just wacked  
At four you're lost  
At three, you're just soft  
At two you're an ass  
At one, you're a dick

But before you slip, I'll whip  
'cause homeboy, ya slippin'

(yo get my slip on, I'm chillin on.a long time, ya see me slip on, crop d,  
And I'll slip on, everybody-i slip on.sayin? I'll come back if I miss you,  
Sayin? )

I understand that music calms the savage beast  
But keep in mind that I compose my music piece by piece  
First a bass, a snare  
A little cut over there  
I add my name k-r-s  
And the shit becomes fresh  
I ask moe and icu for their thoughts  
Layin' down a power play all the suckas are tough  
One again, the tactics of original arts  
We're gettin' payed to the end 'cause we were down from the start  
We're known as boogie down productions, ain't no b-boy stance  
Gauranteed to make ya dance, if you give us a chance  
We're goin' off and of course all ya suckas are lost  
You wanna hear a fresh rhyme? you've come to the source  
Because I'm the type of guy who's not put up on a pedestal  
Run my rhyme on time and on schedule  
One after another, another to the next  
Can't rhyme when you're tense, or your muscles won't flex  
Check your larynx  
It may get lower havin' sex  
Or may get higher  
When bustin' as a liar  
These are the things I teach so be tough  
To me you're kinda short, how many battles have you fought?  
If you come up with a number, notebook, or list  
It just doesn't matter, you can still get dissed  
I'm bringin' back that ol' new york rap  
That gets you jacked while you're hands still clap  
It's funny  
Just dissin' you I can make money  
But noone's tippin'  
My message is simple: ya' slippin!

(they slippin'-dough-1987-they spippin', but we goin' all the way to the top  
Man (word)-you know what I'm sayin? to my brother krs-1, you're large, i'm  
Sayin, large-everytime, man, large.they're slippin')

E-n-o, s-r-k  
When you go through other albums, you're sure to say  
Goddam! they all seem to sound alike  
Till you hear the crew standin' over in the light  
Showing, glowing, on the top growing

The lyrics keep flowing and flowing and just flowing  
Just like a river, or better yet a stream  
I'm proud to be down with the winning team  
So don't ever in your life even think about an argument  
'cause you'll get walked on like carpet  
We'll pick you up, and dust you off  
Stamp bdp on you're head and you're off  
But you won't even change that to say instead  
I'm down 'cause I got a bdp on my head  
So just before you inherit that ass kicking  
I suggest you wake right up 'cause ya slippin'

(yo! they slippin'-dough, they slippin'-dough, they slippin'-word up, i  
Don't care no more, man, I'm commin' out of the shell-dough, they slippin'  
Man.b-boy records, magic, yo all the time they slippin-ya know what i'm  
Saying? this other kid-i don't know what his name is, but you know what time  
It is. (word up!) he's slippin' too (everybody).slippin', and everytime  
He do somethin', he's slippin'. slippin'.)

# Boogie Down Productions Lyrics

## "Stop The Violence"

Worldwide bdp are the freshest!  
Worldwide! worldwide! worldwide!

One two three, the crew is called bdp  
And if you want to go to the tip top  
Stop the violence in hip-hop, y-o

Time and time again, as I pick up the pen  
As my thoughts emerge, these are those words  
I glance at the paper to know what's going on  
Someone's doing wrong, the story goes on  
Mary lue's had a baby someone else decapitated  
The drama of the world shouldn't keep us so frustrated  
I look, but it doesn't coincide with my books  
Social studies when I speak upon political crooks  
It's just the presidents, and all the money they spent  
All the things they invent and how the house is so immaculate  
They paid missiles, my family's eating gristle  
Then they get upset when the press blows the whistle  
Of course the main profiles are kept low  
You temper with some jobs, now the press is controlled  
Not only newspapers, but every single station  
You only get to hear the president is on vacation  
But ehrrm, stay calm, there's no need for alarm  
You say "go back" to your mom, and you're off to vietnam  
You shoot to kill, come back and you're a veteran  
But how many veterans are out there pedaling?  
There's no telling, 'cause they continue selling  
As quiet as it's kept, I won't go into depth  
You can talk about nigeria, people used to laugh at ya.  
Now I take a look, I say "usa for africa? !"

Huh.

What's the solution, to stop all this confusion?  
Rewrite the constitution, change the drug which you're using  
Rewrite the constitution or the emancipation proclamation  
We fight inflation, yet the president's still on vacation

Bdp posse!

I say: one two three, the crew is called bdp  
And if you wanna go to the tip top  
Stop the violence in the hip-hop, y-o



This might sound a little strange to you  
Well here's the reason I came to you  
We gotta put our heads together, and stop the violence  
Cause real bad boys move in silence  
When you're in a club, you come to chill out  
Not watch someones blood just spill out  
That's what these other people want to see  
Another race fight endlessly  
You know we're being watched, you know we're being seen  
Some wish to destroy this scene called hip-hop  
But I won't drop  
Not I or scott larock  
Now here is the message that we bring today:  
Hip-hop will surely decay  
If we as a people don't stand up and say:  
"stop the violence!"  
"stop the violence!"  
"stop the violence!"  
"stop the violence!"  
"stop the violence!"

I say: one two three, the crew is called bdp  
And if you wanna go to the tip top  
Stop the violence in the hip-hop, y-o

Bdp and me  
We step into the party top celebrity  
Say when we're coming to dance, we never have to pay a fee  
Cause that's where we got r-e-s-p-e-c-t  
I have this one wife, her name is miss melody  
I know I'm from the bronx, she from the brooklyn posse  
I tell ya look a little like this, then I tell you some that i  
Sometimes I got my gear on, sometimes I wear a hat  
Sometimes I'm in a mercedes and sometimes I'm in a plain  
Sometimes I find myself upon the number two train  
Some people look at me and see negativity  
Some people look at me and see positivity  
But when I see myself I see creativity  
So if I can create, well then I make some money  
Sha man, just put your hands up if you're out here gettin' paid  
Sha man, just put your hands up if you're out here gettin' paid  
One two three, the crew is called bdp  
And if you wanna go to the tip top  
Stop the violence in the hip-hop, y-o

# Boogie Down Productions Lyrics

## "Illegal Business"

{\*30 seconds in: dj scratches "what can we get for 63 cents? "\*}

Cocaine business controls america  
Ganja business controls america  
Krs-one come to start some hysteria  
Illegal business controls america

[krs-one]

One afternoon around eleven o'clock  
It was freezin cold, he was standing on the block  
Sellin cheeba, nick's and dimes  
Sayin a rhyme just to pass the time  
The cops passed by, but he stayed calm  
Cause the leather trench coat was keepin him warm  
But this time they walked by real slowly  
He thought to himself, "they look like they know me"  
They drove away, but he didn't stay  
He jumped in the cab and he paid his tab  
But guess who he saw when he hit the block  
It was the same cop car, the same two cops  
They jumped out quick, they pulled a gun  
They said, "don't try to fight and don't try to run  
Cooperate and we will be your friend  
Non-cooperation will be your end"  
He jumped in the car, and while they rode  
They ran down the list of things he owed  
They said, "you owe us some money, you owe us some product  
Cause you could be right in the river tied up"  
He thought for a second and he said, "what is this?  
You want me to pay you to stay in business? "  
They said, "that's right, or you go to prison  
Cause nobody out there is really gonna listen  
To a hood," so he said, "good!  
I'll pay you off for the whole neighborhood"  
Because

Cocaine business controls america  
Ganja business controls america  
Krs-one come to start some hysteria  
Illegal business controls america

{\*dj scratches "what can we get for 63 cents? "\*}

[krs-one]

A guy named jack, is sellin crack  
The community, doesn't want him back  
He sells at work, he sells in schools  
He's not stupid, the cops are the fools  
Cause everyone else seems to go to jail  
But when it comes to jack, the cops just fail  
They can't arrest him, they cannot stop him  
Cause even in jail the bail unlocks him  
So here is the deal, and here is the facts  
If you ever wonder why they can't stop crack  
The police department, is like a crew  
It does whatever they want to do  
In society you have illegal and legal  
We need both, to make things equal  
So legal is tobacco, illegal is speed  
Legal is aspirin, illegal is weed  
Crack is illegal, cause they cannot stop ya  
But cocaine is legal if it's owned by a doctor  
Everything you do in private is illegal  
Everything's legal if the government can see you  
Don't get me wrong, america is great place to live  
But listen to the knowledge I give

Cocaine business controls america  
Ganja business controls america  
Krs-one come to start some hysteria  
Illegal business controls america

{\*dj scratches "what can we get for 63 cents? "\*}  
Illegal business controls america  
{\*dj scratches "what can we get for 63 cents? "\*}  
Illegal business controls america  
{\*dj scratches "what can we get for 63 cents? "\*}  
Illegal business controls america  
{\*dj scratches "what can we get for 63 cents? "\*}  
Krs-one come to start some hysteria  
{\*dj scratches "what what what what, what what what what,  
What can we get for 63 cents? "\*}

Cocaine business controls america  
Ganja business controls america  
Krs-one come to start some hysteria  
Illegal business controls america

{\*dj scratches "what can we get for 63 cents? "\*}  
Yeah, illegal business controls america  
{\*dj scratches "what can we get for 63 cents? "\*}  
Yeah, krs-one come to start some hysteria

{\*dj scratches "what can we get for 63 cents? "\*}

Yeah, bdp takin over america

{\*dj scratches "what can we get for 63 cents? "\*}

Ganja business controls america

{\*dj scratches "what can we get for 63 cents? "\*}

Cocaine, sensai

Aspirin, coffee

Morphine, sugar

Tobacco, got to go

{\*dj scratches "what what what what, what can we get.. "\*}

Illegal business controls america

{\*dj scratches "what what, what can we get.. "\*}

Yeahhhhh, ganja business controls america

{\*dj scratches "what what what what what what,

What can we get for 63 cents? "\*}

Yeahhhhh, cocaine business controls america

{\*dj scratches "what what what what.. "\*}

Illegal business controls america

# Boogie Down Productions Lyrics

## "Nervous"

[krs-one]

\_by all means necessary\_

Written, produced, directed, by blastmaster krs-one

Mixed, by dj doc

And now.. it's time.. to get{nerrrrrrr-vous!}

Bdp is in full and total effect

I'm gonna shout out a couple of names

We're gonna do it like this

Dj doc.. manager moe.. ms. melodie.. i.c.u., mcboo

{nerrrrrrr-vous!}

D-nice.. scott larock.. krs-one, I think that's me

And you know what? I'm down with bdp

{nerrrrrrr-vous!}

So right about this time

You should throw your hands up in the air

How many people got nike's on?

If you got your nike's on, put your feet up in the air

If you don't got nike's on

I think you need to keep your feet down

Cause the party is live {nerrrrrrr-vous!}

And we're in total stereo, yaknowhati'msayin?

So all the suckers out there that wanna test

It's time to get{nerrrrrrr-vous!}

And at this point, we gettin a little stupid

I'd like to say, dj doc is in the back chillin out

On the 48-track board without a doubt

Break it down doc, like this!{nerrrrrrr-vous!}

I'd like to give a shout out to who? big daddy kane

Heavy d, and eric b.

Melody, d-square{nerrrrrrr-vous!}

So just throw your hands in the air

Just throw your hands in the air

Krs-one is here without a care

And I don't have no fears homeboy

So all the suckers out there that wanna test bdp

It's time to get{nerrrrrrr-vous!}

Now, here's what we do on the 48-track board

We look around for the best possible break

And once we find it, we just break..

.. or, we just break{nerrrrrrr-vous!}

There's two ways to do this, you see what I'm sayin?

If you feel the board, you feel around

We got tracks one to track 48  
We find track seven, and break it down!  
{nerrrrrrrr-vous!}  
Okay.. this album has been funded  
By the blastmaster krs-one fund  
Ha ha ha ha ha ha hah!  
You know what? we're gettin {nerrrrrrrr-vous!}  
Okay, we gon' play a little game, break it down doc  
Like this, or like this  
{nerrrrrrrr-vous!}

You know what? I used to be a graffiti artist  
I used to write krs-one all over the place  
All up in soundview, in brooklyn  
Then when the cops come for you, ha ha hah  
You just get{nerrrrrrrr-vous!}  
And another thing:  
Me and my crew, we made hit records all over the place  
But we left b-boy records  
And you know what happened after that point?  
Ha hah, they just got{nerrrrrrrr-vous!}

# Boogie Down Productions Lyrics

## "I'm Still #1"

### Verse 1

D.J. Doc you know he's down with us  
D-Square, he's down with us  
Keyboard Money Mike, is down with us  
I.C.U., you know he's down with us  
D-Nice and McBoo, they're down with us  
Ms. Melodie, she's down with us  
Just-Ice and DMX, they're down with us  
My manager Moe, he's down with us  
Castle-D boy, he's down with us  
D.J. Red Alert, he's down with us  
Robocop boy, he's down with us  
Makin' funky music is a must  
I'm number one.

People still takin' rappin' for a joke  
A passing hope or a phase with a rope  
Sometimes I choke and try to believe  
when I get challenged by a million MCs  
I try to tell them, "We're all in this together!"  
My album was raw because no-one would ever  
think like I think and do what I do  
I stole the show, and then I leave without a clue

What do you think makes up a KRS?  
Concise teaching, or very clear speaking?  
Ridiculous bass, aggravating treble  
Rebel, renegade, must stay paid  
not by financial aid, but a raid of hits  
causing me to take long trips  
I'm the original teacher of this type of style  
Rockin' off-beat with a smile  
or smirk or chuckle, yes some are not up to  
BDP Posse so I love to  
step in the jam and slam  
I'm not Superman, because anybody can  
or should be able to rock off turntables  
Grab the mic, plug it in and begin  
But here's where the problem starts, no heart  
Because of that a lot of groups fell apart  
Rap is still an art, and no-one's from the Old School  
cuz Rap is still a brand-new tool

I say no-one's from the Old School cuz Rap on a whole  
isn't even twenty years old  
Fifty years down the line, you can start this  
cuz we'll be the Old School artists  
And even in that time, I'll say a rhyme  
A brand-new style, ruthless and wild  
Runnin' around spendin' money, havin' fun  
cuz even then, I'm still number one.

## Verse 2

Blastmaster KRS-One of course  
comes to express with style the lost  
ways of rhyming, old and new, past and present  
Knock, knock, who is it?  
A brand-new style, hup, time to change  
People talk about me when they see me on stage  
Live in action, guaranteed raw  
I hang with the rich and I work for the poor  
Now tomorrow you can say you saw  
KRS-One stompin' once more  
I play by ear, I love to steer  
the Alfa Romeo from here to there  
I grab the beer, but not in the ride  
cuz I'm not stupid, I don't drink and drive  
I'm not a beginner, amateur or local  
My album is sellin' because of my vocals  
You know what you need to learn?  
Old School artists don't always burn  
You're just another rapper who's had his turn  
Now it's my turn, and I am concerned  
about idiots posing as kings  
What are we here to rule?  
I thought we were supposed to sing  
And if we oughta sing, then let us begin to teach  
Many of you are educated, open your mouth and speak  
KRS-One is something like a total renegade  
except I don't steal, I rhyme to get paid  
Airplanes flyin', overseas people dyin'  
Politicians lyin', I'm tryin'  
not to escape, but hit the problem head-on  
by bringin' out the truth in a song  
So BDP, short for Boogie Down Productions  
made a little noise cuz the crew was sayin' somethin'  
People have the nerve to take me for a gangster  
An ignorant one, something closer to a prankster  
Doin' petty crimes, goin' straight to penitentiary  
But in a scale of crime that's really elementary  
This beat is now compelling me to explain in silence



why my last jam was so violent  
It's simple: BDP will teach reality  
No beatin' around the bush, straight up, just like The P Is Free  
So now you know, a poet's job is never done  
But I'm never overworked, cuz I'm still number one.

Kool Moe Dee, he's down with us  
Eric B. and Rakim, they're down with us  
Stetsasonic, they're down with us  
Dana Dane, he's down with us  
Sleeping Bag Records, they're down with us  
My lawyer Jay, he's down with us  
Jive/RCA is down with us  
Makin' funky music is a must  
I'm number one.

# Boogie Down Productions Lyrics

## "Part Time Sucker"

Hahahahaha...

(T'cha t'cha, that boy is a t'cha - KRS-One)

I want you all to understand I'm down with BDP

I got so many styles, but I'm not an MC

I am a teacher teaching rap, and of course I am back

Because these other MC's are here also weak and wack

So BDP will teach them, hey, we will teach them

BDP will teach them, hey, we will teach them

All about the guy who first is down but then he lies

What he is to you, he's a part time sucker

Among thousands and thousands of very good MC's

A poet will flow like the breeze

Like the wind, air is all around us

From what I hear, it's a good thing you found us

And in a hurry, just in the nick of time

Cause I do four things: rhyme, produce, teach, and bring to you new styles

Well here's the first style, right out the pile

It's called vocabulary. Difficult, isn't it?

At least it looks that way when you witness it

Kill (kill?) meaning to deprive of life

Fiancee: future wife

Poet (poet): a person who writes poems

Wandering, meaning to roam

Everyone sees me when I walk into the public

Even the suckers, I just love it

When they get disgusted every time I prove

(Boogie Down Pro...) Boogie Down Productions will move

Meaning to motivate, lest rhyme straight

Hate is a very very big mistake

It rhymes with frustrate and aggravate

Let me just demonstrate why I won't abbreviate

Television, a view of scenes transmitted

Every single second you get it

Pepsi (what?) the choice of a new generation

Fired from work: termination

Quality: something special about an object or person

Can you rock a party without rehearsing?

I can, anytime, on the spot rhyme

Many recording artists can't do it, but I'm

More than just a recording artist kicking dust (who?)

I'm a sandstorm, taking human form

K plus R S equals one

I don't burn anymore, I just cook 'till you're done

And when you're done, then I serve  
Like alphabet soup, (letters) letters, (words) words  
Sentences, chunks of meat into a paragraph  
Get the meaning then ask the question 'bout the guy  
Who first is down but then he lies  
What he is to you, he's a part time sucker  
Kewe-kewe-K, Arewa-arewa-R, Ewe-ewe-S, my rhymes are fresh  
Please step back, let me progress  
Meaning to advance, you only get a glance  
Of me at a time, sayin' some rhyme  
Or sayin' some rekkid, that should respect it, select it  
I'm never ever wack or reject it  
Challenge BDP it get's dissed, expect it  
I travel the nation by mostly plane  
I travel New York by either cab or the train  
Some say that I'm insane, they say  
Why would you want to ride the train  
(But I) but I don't care, as long as I get there  
I never used to pay my fare, but now I think I got to  
Because from a jail cell I can't rock you  
That's being incarcerated, meaning locked up  
(A tool) a tool for holding water is a cup or pail,  
The opposite for fresh is stale  
(The largest) the largest sea-mammal is a whale  
Beer is called ale, or sometimes it is called brew  
(A group a) a group of human beings is a crew  
You know what I'm gonna do? Explain Criminal Minded  
Cause much too many people still are blinded  
Let me rewind it, and elaborate on blinded, meaning can't see through me  
He he he he he, these people make me laugh  
The way they like to change up the past  
So when you're there in class, learning `his story'  
Learn a little of your story, the real story  
It doesn't pay to know the life and times of someone else  
It doesn't benefit your wealth or your mental health  
I go for self, but the real self is one with all  
This self who's by himself does fall  
Down, just like the guy who first was down, but then he lies  
What he is to you, he's a part time sucker  
All right, now, hear we go...

# Boogie Down Productions Lyrics

## "Jimmy"

### Intro

The J, the I, the M, the M  
The Y, the J, the I, the M  
It's Jimmy!  
It's Jimmy! x2

### Verse 1

Here is a message to the Super-Hoes  
Just keep in mind when Jimmy grows  
It grows and grows and grows, so let it  
But keep in mind about the epidemic  
When Jimmy releases, boy it pleases  
But what do you do about all these diseases?  
Jimmy is Jimmy, no matter what  
So take care of Jimmy cos you know what's up  
Cos now in winter AIDS attacks  
So run out and get your Jimmy Hats  
It costs so little for a pack of three  
They're Jimmy Hats for the winter attack  
Good for a present, great for lovers  
Demonstrated by The Jungle Brothers  
Protect your Jimmy and keep it fresh  
They're Jimmy Hats by KRS

### Chorus

So, remember you're never too old (Jimmy is wearin' a hat)  
Remember you're never too bold (Jimmy is wearin' a hat)  
Do me a favour, wear your hat  
So Jimmy...will have the opportunity to come back

### Verse 2

Well, Red Alert is down with BDP  
Teachin' you all about Jimbrowski  
I don't wanna hear that you're not with it  
Turn around and see your butt in a clinic  
Havin' doctors just poke at Jimmy  
Let me express what now what's in me  
Too many people take too many risks

Too many people I see get dissed  
Jimmy Hats are now in style  
Cos you can't trust a big butt and a smile  
Some are dry and some lubricated  
Many companies make and made it  
So all you Super-Hoes, wear your hat  
Cos drippin' Jimmies is straight up wack  
Keep in mind about Jimbrowski  
Jimmy Hats by BDP

The J, the I, the M  
The M, the Y, the J, the I...  
It's Jimmy!  
It's Jimmy!  
The J, the I, the M, the M  
The Y, the J, the I, the M  
It's Jimmy!

Repeat chorus

# Boogie Down Productions Lyrics

"T♣cha - T♣cha"

[krs-one]

Easssssssssy mahn!

It's impossible to take out boogie down productions  
Seen?

Yes.. come mi say

Intro/chorus: krs-one

Come to the t'cha, come mi say come to the t'cha  
Come mi say come to the t'cha come to the t'cha come to the t'cha  
Come mi say come to the t'cha, come mi say come to the t'cha  
Come mi say come to the t'cha come to the t'cha come to the t'cha

[krs-one]

Me bus' upon the scene around 1986  
A few hit records got me started real quick  
I represent the bronx, but I am a new yorker  
All vegeterian, never eat pork or  
Chicken in a battle yes my brain starts clickin  
Just like the gears of a watch, tock-tickin  
I never lose time cause the rhyme is all digital  
For suckers like you, I turn the power up to critical  
On every playlist, waxin that anus  
Suckers or professionals, bring down the decimal  
Point every time you subtract an emcee  
People look at me, a p-o-e-t  
Teachin suckers like you about the i.c.u.  
And the krs-one, sounds like arithmetic  
Very psychological; why are you on the dick?  
Well, my evaluation is sudden  
Takin me out, is somethin closer to impossible  
You could try your best  
But frankly I don't think it's logical  
This is yes the dj writer superproducer kris  
God gave me a talent, so let me flaunt the gift

Chorus

[krs-one]

Push up ya han-ds, if you out here gettin paid  
Push up ya han-ds, if you don't have aids, bid-di-by-by  
Push up ya han-ds, if you out here gettin pa-ai-id

Push up ya han-ds, if you won't be delayed  
Boogie down productions at the head of the raid  
Always gettin brighter while the suckers will fade  
Life is very serious, it's not an arcade  
So everything you're hearing, krs has made  
Mc's grab the microphone but don't know what to say  
So dj krs has come to show dem the way  
I always call you females by your name, not "hey!"  
Cause "hey" will only make a real woman turn away, gwan  
Unless the woman is the freak of the yearrrr  
Well then you know that krs don't carrrrr  
Unless the woman is the freak of the yearrrr, biddi-by-by  
And then you know that krs don't carrrrr  
You always call a freak, by the garment they wear  
Instead of call it clothes they always callin it gear  
Big derriere to make the next man stare  
Attracted to the man with jheri curls in him hair  
Always puffin cheeba with a forty of beer  
But to a re-al wo-man freaks-a can-not compare, gwan  
Hold up ya han-ds if you a real wo-man, bo!  
Hold up ya han-ds, if you do underst-and  
The style that I'm sayin, without no delayin  
Is blastmaster krs-one, just playin  
It's really kinda easy for me, to do a style like this  
It's kinda primitive, so please don't miss  
The way I do this on the microphone, cause I was never shown  
My mother wasn't into b-boyin at the home  
No one out can compete  
And not another dj rocks this type of beat  
Come mi say

Chorus

[krs-one]

Come mi say jump up when ya high, and jump up when ya low-ah  
Boogie down productions make the lyrics just flow  
With m-e-l-o-d-i-e and manager moe  
We'll wrap up any mc in a ribbon or a bow  
People takin pictures of me everywhere I go  
Take out three mc's and call it tic-tac-toe

Yes!

Zhoom, dum, da-dum, da-da-dum, da-dum  
Zhoom, dum, da-dum, da-da-dum, zhiggi-zi  
Zhoom, dum, da-dum, da-da-dum, da-dum  
Zhoom, dum, da-dum, da-da-dum, come mi say

Chorus





# Boogie Down Productions Lyrics

## "The Style You Haven't Done Yet"

### Intro

The number one set and sound...live! Ghetto Music. Produced by  
KRS-One.

Widdy-bye-bye bye-bye bye-bye bye  
Widdy-bye-bye bye-bye bye-bye bye

Come in!

### Verse 1

Many have claimed to attain levels in rhyming  
But when I listen to 'em I see they're only lying  
They're tryin', but after some years if you ain't got it  
Lay it down, put it down, find a way to try and stop it  
Or change it, rearrange it, be a producer  
Don't touch the microphone because you'll always be the loser  
And laughed at, smirked on, you don't belong  
With those that perform their song on and on  
And on and on and on, yo, let's get specific  
This style is for the gifted, poetically uplifted  
I speak to you, not at you to attack you  
Maybe when I'm through with this rhyme I'll get a statue  
So now I ax you or tell you people literally  
When it comes to rockin' funky lyrics few are better than me  
Down with BDP, endlessly recitin' poetry  
Any time I'm in the street, you hear my voice, you know it's me  
KR...nope! I'm not ready to say my name yet  
Many say they teach, but this style they haven't attained yet

Widdy-bye-bye bye, widdy-bye-bye bye bye, widdy bye-bye!  
Bye-bye bye-bye bye, widdy-bye-bye bye bye, widdy bye-bye!  
Bye bye bye bye, widdy-bye-bye bye bye, widdy bye-bye!  
Bye-bye bye-bye bye, widdy-bye-bye bye bye

### Verse 2

Run it, son, plumb it you bum  
Don't you know that it's KRS-One  
That comes to sing the styles that ain't sung  
I rocked the party, but oh! Gotta run  
Cos only the suckers want a chance at that

To see if KRS-One is really all that  
Instead of a rap I jap-slap all of 'em back  
Because the teacher that you see is not wack  
I'd like to stack up all the hits that I've made  
Three albums, a triple-layer cake  
And throw it in your face you waste  
Pick up the pace and taste a poet from the black race  
While I whip you whine, you're out of touch  
I'm out of time, here's another rhyme

(The black man's in effect. Jeeeeeeesus! Oh gosh, dude. Oh gosh. Oh  
yes, dude. Yes)

(What's the name of that crew? B.D.P)

(Say what? I'm not down with the Juice Crew)

# Boogie Down Productions Lyrics

## "Why Is That?"

### Verse One

The day begins, with a grin  
And a prayer to excuse my sins  
I can walk anywhere I choose  
Cause everybody listens to the B.D.P. crew  
We're not here for glamour or fashion  
But here's the question I'm askin  
Why is it young black kids taught {flashin?}  
They're only taught how to read, write, and act  
It's like teachin a dog to be a cat  
You don't teach white kids to be black  
Why is that? Is it because we're the minority?  
Well black kids follow me  
Genesis chapter eleven verse ten  
Explains the geneology of Chem  
Chem was a black man, in Africa  
If you repeat this fact they can't laugh at ya  
Genesis fourteen verse thirteen  
Abraham steps on the scene  
Being a descendent of Chem which is a fact  
Means, Abraham too was black  
Abraham born in the city of a black man  
Called Nimrod grandson of Kam  
Kam had four sons, one was named Canaan  
Here, let me do some explaining  
Abraham was the father of Isaac  
Isaac was the father of Jacob  
Jacob had twelve sons, for real  
And these, were the children of Isreal  
According to Genesis chapter ten  
Egyptains descended from {Hahm,Kam}  
Six hundred years later, my brother, read up  
Moses was born in Egypt  
In this era black Egyptians weren't right  
They enslaved black Isrealites  
Moses had to be of the black race  
Because he spent fourty years in Pharoah's place  
He passed as the Pharoah's grandson  
So he had to look just like him  
Yes my brothers and sisters take this here song  
Yo, correct the wrong  
The information we get today is just wack

But ask yourself, why is that?

## Verse Two

The age of the ignorant rapper is done  
Knowledge Reigns Supreme Over Nearly Everyone

The stereotype must be lost  
That love and peace and knowledge is soft  
Do away with that and understand one fact

For love, peace must attack  
And attack real strong, stronger than war  
To conquer it and it's law  
Mental pictures, stereotypes and fake history

Reinforces mystery  
And when mystery is reinforced  
That only means that knowledge has been lost

When you know who you really are  
Peace and knowledge shines like a star

I'm only showin you a simple fact  
It Takes A Nation of MILLIONS to Hold Us people Back

Which is wack, but we can correct that  
Teach and learn what it is to be black  
Cause they're teachin birds to be a cat  
But ask yourself homeboy, why is that?

# Boogie Down Productions Lyrics

## "The Blueprint"

Musty fusty yet so crystal clear  
The non-commercial set is now here  
Brought to you by the will of positive people  
K-r-s plus one equals  
Slammin' lyrics and beats unquestionable  
The peofessional while I guess that you'll  
Grab the album that rocks most on the market  
Strong hearted with a target  
--bloo-- and the target is hit  
I shot the lyric then reload the clip  
--bloo-- another shell hits the ground  
Along with the shell my opponents weak crown  
--bloo bloo-- the title comes after  
What a disaster listen to the laughter  
Your heart I capture  
Cause every lecture has tecture  
If you're wack I say next sir  
Who's next cause I've got no time for weakness  
Only the teacher speaks this  
Dialect, which gains nuff resect  
Which money can't buy you yet  
I don't care cause boogie down productions has both  
The most worldwide coast to coast  
We didn't do it with the soft commercial sound  
Try the ghetto cause I refuse to let go  
You see you don't understand I knew it  
You got a copy I read from the blueprint

Keepin' it on track  
And never wack  
Please step back  
If you speak the weak rap  
Cause I alone can dis your whole pack or posse  
Stupid sit there and watch me  
You can't stop the original with a copy  
Sloppy very sloppy you slouch  
Every time I bite you yell ouch  
Breakout get lost your throat is hoarse  
You lost cause I'm dope of course  
--one and two and three and four--  
But that comes from years of practice  
Anti-slackness anti-wackness  
Throw on the glasses and teach the masses

Very simple the question I ask is  
How many mcs must get stomped  
Before somebody says kris has no calm  
Thousands both here and overseas  
If you're soft I say please leave  
Here's the door here's your hat coat and mitt  
Cause here we read from the blueprint

# Boogie Down Productions Lyrics

## "Jack Of Spades"

\* was also featured in the movie "i'm gonna get you sucka"

[krs-one]

Again we start, let me say my part  
About the only guy who has some heart  
It took some time for the heart to come  
But it's here, and everybody's in fear  
Crashin through the door of that whore  
Bringin a end to this gold chain war  
What you saw, krs-one is now seeing  
Another fly human being  
Making, no excuses for the losers  
Chain-snatchers, pimps, drug abusers  
You don't like it but you gotta keep pushin  
Until somebody starts mushin  
All these suckers, claimin to rule the environment  
(nah man, I ain't buyin it)  
You seem to think that everybody can be taught  
That everyone else can be bought  
But, you took a short, cause one guy hasn't been paid  
He is the jack of spades!

\* d-nice scratches "jack.. jack.." \*

[krs-one]

He's a, calm kind of guy, courageous and loyal  
But don't let the temper boil  
Cause just like a pot when the whistle blows  
(that's right boy, anything goes!)

The crime is committed and he's right on your tail  
There's no bail, not thinkin bout jail  
All the ends, are justified by the means  
When jack's on the scene  
Track the movement, don't lose it  
Cause if he come through the back, he attacks  
Crack, cocaine, cops, and more fiends  
Who all get the same in the heat of this gold chain game  
Here is the aim --  
Destroy all the stereotypes, hypes, and crack pipes  
We don't like, criminals, and crime --  
But we don't pay it any mind  
So here comes kung-fu, joe, and fly guy  
Slade, hammer, and slammer

I, am a, renegade teacher and scholar  
If you ain't up on it you gotta  
Fall to the back of the line  
Hear this rhyme, cause i'ma say it one more time  
It's jack's theme song that krs made  
It's called the jack of spades!

\* d-nice scratches "jack.. jack.." \*

[krs-one]

You know, the jack of spades is now down with the bdp posse  
If you wanna see more, just watch me  
Man, do what I do, throw your hands in the air  
And scream it out, ohh yeah "ohh yeahhh!!"  
One more time! "ohh yeahhh!!"  
(flash the rhyme!)  
Cool, guy, loud and quiet  
If your head's in the way, he'll fly it  
Don't try it, cause jack of spades doesn't buy it  
He's a one man riot  
Cleanin the community, of all it's debris  
The c-r-i-m-e  
The road was long and scary and some didn't make it  
The average guy couldn't take it  
But jack, is not, the average guy  
He took a piece of the pie and bit it  
Got with it, for his brother he did it  
So you gotta admit it  
This is a martyr, a soldier, a hero  
Why? because he started from zero  
In this battle he clearly understands their power  
They're payin people by the hour  
To sell, to lie, to try, to stand up and deny  
They are gettin everybody high  
High on a cable, cash under the table  
Currency is how they're able  
To buy the cops and props and keep the law paid  
But here comes the jack of spades!

\* d-nice scratches "jack.. jack.." \*

[krs] break it down!

\* d-nice scratches "jack.. jack.." \*

[krs-one]

Fresh.. for jack of spades, you suckers  
Ha ha ha ha ha hah..





# Boogie Down Productions Lyrics

## "Jah Rulez"

[krs-one]

Yes, right about now we got afrika  
From the jungle brothers on the wheels of steel  
My sister harmony right beside me  
And i, krs-one on the mic  
Sidney mills on the keyboards  
And dwayne on the engineering  
And once again, this style is dedicated to the heavenly father  
Because you know ya rule!

[harmony]

Where can they go, where can they turn?  
When they hear your name, that fire burns.. their very soul! (fi-yah!)  
What can they do, what can they say?  
They can't live without your love.. (ba-da-bi)  
Another day.. (ba-ba-bad-bad-bad)

[krs-one]

Bad man people and petty rob-ber  
Straighten up your ways or you will suf-fer  
What go around come around and this is the law  
The manmade law krs-one ig-nore  
I walk the streets as a ruff yout bwoy  
Very intelligent, and full of joy  
Go to a concert and mash up the jam (bo)  
People in the world know just who I am  
I am what I am cause I am not soft  
When the blind lead the blind - that's when ya lost  
Me just a dj dealin with negative  
Nonsense messages, a what dem a give  
Bdp strong, cause jah is the strength  
Bdp long, cause jah is the length  
Bdp together, cause jah is the link  
We a just arise, while the negative sink! come!

[harmony]

Where can they go, where can they turn?  
When they hear your name, that fire burns.. (burns!)  
Their very soul! (lick dem down!)  
And what can they do, what can they say?  
They can't live without your love.. another day.. (come!)  
Where can they go..  
What can they do? (bo)

[krs-one]

We are not a front and, we are no fraud  
Every hit record comes straight from the lord  
We live in jail cell and we live in shelter  
If you help yourself, well jah will help ya  
Look to no man but love everyone  
Stand on your own and work til you're done  
Follow the commandments that jah set forth  
Cause manmade laws, made man lost (bo)

[harmony]

Where can they go, where can they turn?  
When they hear your name, that fire burns.. (ba-da-bi-bi-bi)  
Their very soul! (fi-yah!)

What can they do, what can they say?  
They can't live without your love.. another day..  
They need you, in their lives  
They know, your live is right (always right)  
You're the inspiration (yes) that sweet revelation  
All their hope, and their salvation (so right)  
And where can they go, where can they turn (where ya hide? )  
When they hear your name, that fire burns.. their very soul!  
(wa-da-ba-da-bi-bi-bi-bi-bi)

What can they do, what can they say?  
They can't live without your love.. another day..  
(fi-yah, fi-yah, fi-yah, fi-yah)  
They need you, in their lives  
They know, your love is right  
You're the inspiration, that sweet revelation  
And all of their hopes (jah rulez) and their salvation  
Where can they go, where can they turn (jah rule every time)  
When they hear your name, that fire burns.. (nowhere)  
Their very soul (kyan't move without the movement of jah, seen? )  
And what can they do, what can they say  
They can't live without your love.. another day..  
Where do they go  
What do they do?  
Where do they turn  
What can they say?  
Where do they go, what can they do  
Breathe without you?  
Where do they go  
Breathe without you?  
What do they do.. \*fades\*



# Boogie Down Productions Lyrics

## "Breath Control"

[krs-one] + [somebody beatboxing]  
Let me tell you bout a crew I know [ba bum bum]  
Called boogie down productions and they steal the show [ba bum bum]  
With dj scott larock and krs-one  
[ba-bum, ba-ba-bum, ba-bum-ba-bum-babababababababa]  
With d-nice you know the job is done  
And I know [boom-ba-bum] oh yes I know [ba-boom-ba-bum]  
I know because I'm krs-one, yo check this out

[beatbox continues in the background]

[krs-one]  
Breath control.. here's an example  
I appeal, to the +criminal minded+  
You can't find it, boy you're still blinded  
Why don't you open your eyes and stop dissin  
Get a prescription to listen  
Sit in the class and ask real fast about a fresh rap  
You're gettin left back, set back, kept back  
Get back, I don't accept that material  
Your rhymes are artificially flavored like cereal  
I like clarity, so when you come here  
Speak clear and concise and then I might give  
A little slack to.. nah, wait - I take that back  
If you're wack, I'll slap, fuck that!  
Boogie down productions back, simply cause we never left  
The radical sounds of krs  
What a mess, to roll up and then 'fess  
Wild guess huh, you thought you were the best?  
But - yup yup - as it always turns out  
You get burned out, your rhymes just run out  
I immediately come out, boomin dope and  
Don't provoke, you're walkin a very thin rope  
Not even rope, the word I'm lookin for is string  
When I sing, I sing to try and bring  
Enlightenment, yet the suckers be bitin it  
Radio's fightin it, the fans be likin it  
Your face I'm wipin it, cause your mouth is dirty  
You're unworthy to think that you can serve me  
You heard me? these styles are universal  
You need rehearsal, wait, first i'll  
Beef up the system, rhyth, rhymin, timin, climbin  
Then realizing

As producer of this dope record huh  
I think it's time we break for a second

Breath control..

[krs-one]

That's it, that's it, that's it  
Break is over, back to the track  
Resume attack, on the crews that are wack  
We don't lack, I mean, we don't like  
The played out styles when we're rockin the mic  
The radical rebel at level fifteen  
The amp only goes to ten, you know what I mean?  
As it seems, it seems that you're doomed  
Yes I'll boom and consume the whole room  
Not a part, not a fraction or a sum  
But all, capital krs-one  
B-d-b-d-b-d-b-d-p  
Takin mc's out constantly!  
Because you're no big deal, you're no big wheel  
You steal, come before me and kneel but  
I'm not a king, I'm not a queen, I'm not a ace  
I'm not a jack, I'm not a mc or a playboy  
And I just ain't wack  
I feel that you should get an understanding  
You might be jamming, but krs-one is slamming  
Hypothetically, or in reality  
Takin you out, is a small technicality  
Rhymes like these, or rhymes like this one  
Comes in handy, while I diss some  
Soft silly low budget sucker like yourself  
I got the style you need, in my house on the shelf  
Labelled, sucker boy style  
I like to do it every once in a while..

# Boogie Down Productions Lyrics

## "Who Protects Us From You?"

Verse

(Fy-ah! Come down fas'...)

You were put here to protect us  
But who protects us from you?  
Every time you say "That's illegal"  
Doesn't mean that that's true (Uh-huh)  
Your authority's never questioned  
No-one questions you  
If I hit you I'll be killed  
But you hit me? I can sue (Order! Order!)  
Lookin' through my history book  
I've watched you as you grew  
Killin' blacks and callin' it the law  
(Bo! Bo! Bo!) And worshipping Jesus too  
There was a time when a black man  
Couldn't be down wit' your crew (Can I have a job please?)  
Now you want all the help you can get  
Scared? Well ain't that true (You goddamn right)  
You were put here to protect us  
But who protects us from you?  
Or should I say, who are you protecting?  
The rich? the poor? Who?  
It seems that when you walk the ghetto  
You walk wit' your own point of view (Look at that gold chain)  
You judge a man by the car he drives  
Or if his hat match his shoe (Yo, you lookin' kinda fresh)  
Well, back in the days of Sherlock Holmes  
A man was judged by a clue  
Now he's judged by if he's Spanish,  
Black, Italian or Jew  
So do not kick my door down and tie me up  
While my wife cooks the stew (You're under arrest!)  
Cos you were put here to protect us  
But who protects us from you?

(A public service announcement brought to you by the scientists of  
Boogie Down Productions. Fy-ah! Come again...)





# Boogie Down Productions Lyrics

## "You Must Learn"

Just like I told you, you must learn

It's calm yet wild the style that I speak  
Just filled with facts and you will never get weak in the heart  
In fact you'll start to illuminate, knowledge to others in a song

Let me demonstrate the force of knowledge,  
Knowledge reigned supreme

The ignorant is ripped to smithereens  
What do you mean when you say I'm rebellious  
'Cause I don't accept everything that you're telling us  
What are you selling us the creator dwellin' us  
I sit in your unknown class while you're failing' us  
I failed your class 'cause I ain't with your reasoning  
You're tryin' make me you by seasoning

Up my mind with see Jane run, see John walk in a hardcore New York  
It doesn't exist no way, no how

It seems to me that in a school that's ebony  
African history should be pumped up steadily, but it's not  
And this has got to stop, See Spot run, run get Spot  
Insulting to a Black mentality, a Black way of life  
Or a jet Black family, so I include with one concern, that  
You must learn

Chorus: Just like I told you, you must learn (twice)

I believe that if you're teaching history  
Filled with straight up facts no mystery  
Teach the student what needs to be taught  
'Cause Black and White kids both take shorts  
When one doesn't know about the other ones' culture  
Ignorance swoops down like a vulture  
'Cause you don't know that you ain't just a janitor  
No one told you about Benjamin Banneker  
A brilliant Black man that invented the almanac  
Can't you see where KRS is coming at  
With Eli Whitney, Haile Selassie  
Granville Woods made the walkie-talkie  
Lewis Latimer improved on Edison  
Charles Drew did a lot for medicine  
Garrett Morgan made the traffic lights  
Harriet Tubman freed the slaves at night  
Madame CJ Walker made a straightenin comb  
But you won't know this is you weren't shown

The point I'm gettin' at it it might be harsh  
'Cause we're just walkin' around brainwashed  
So what I'm sayin' is not to diss a man  
We need the 89 school system  
One that caters to a Black return because  
You must learn

Chorus

# Boogie Down Productions Lyrics

## "Hip Hop Rules"

[krs-one]

Come again down man  
This is krs-one on to wreck ruff ruff ruff stuff  
So we're gonna do it like this now  
Put up your hands if you love hip-hop music like I do, seen?  
And we gonna do it like this now  
Listen to the lyrics! bo!

Me say hip-hop rule, hip-hop rule  
And these other industries out here cannot take it, come again!  
Hip-hop rule, hip-hop rule  
And these other industries out here cannot take it, we want!  
Rap music, we want the rap music, bo!  
Rap music, we want the rap music, come again!  
Rap music, we want the rap music, bo!  
Rap music, we want the rap music

Way back in the days, 1979  
Fatback band made a record usin rhyme  
In the same year come the sugarhill gang  
With the pow pow boogie, and the big bang bang  
R&b, disco, pop country jazz  
All thought hip-hop, was just a little fad  
But here comes grandmaster flash nonstop  
And right after flash, run-d.m.c. dropped  
Now, they had to pay attention to the scale  
Where other music failed, hip-hop prevailed  
See rap music has gone platinum from the start  
So now in eighty-nine we gettin present as an art  
Me ask, is it because, we've got the eighty-nine vision?  
Whoa whoa whoa!  
Or is it because, it's a unanimous decision  
Hey hey hey hey

That hip-hop rule, hip-hop rule  
And these other industries out here cannot take it, come again!  
Hip-hop rule, hip-hop rule  
And these other industries out here cannot take it, we want!  
Rap music, we want the rap music, bo!  
Rap music, we want the rap music, come again!  
Rap music, we want the rap music, come down!  
Rap music, we want the rap music

I pick up the mic and put down crazy lyrics  
I put it 'pon the phonograph so everyone can hear it  
You want to sound like me bwoy, you can't come near it  
Cause when I flash a new style, the people dem a cheer it  
You get so jealous til you just can't bear it  
Jealous of ms. melodie, me and derek  
See derek is d-nice, and I'm krs-one ah  
We'll rock ya in the winter and we rocked ya last summer  
You want to battle me you got to wake up in the morning  
Cause if you're still sleepin, then i'ma start yawnin

Because ah hip-hop rule, hip-hop rule  
And these other industries out here cannot take it, come again!  
Hip-hop rule, hip-hop rule  
And these other industries out here cannot take it, we want!  
Rap music, we want the rap music, bo!  
Rap music, we want the rap music, come again!  
Rap music, we want the rap music, come down!  
Rap music, we want the rap music

Just, put up your hands if you like rap music  
Put up your hands if you like rap music  
Ms. melodie boy she always on the mixer  
And d-square, love rap music ah  
Dj doc boy yes he's on the mix and  
Krs-one'll flash a lyric, we say  
Here comes yvette, on the lyric and  
Big kap, rockin on the mix and  
Bdp boy we'll flash a lyric a  
Knock the suckers down every time dem hear it, because

Hip-hop rule, hip-hop rule  
And these other industries out here cannot take it, come down!  
Come again!  
We want!  
Bo!  
Come again!  
Bo!

\* dub/instrumental of first verse reprised to fade \*

# Boogie Down Productions Lyrics

"Bo! Bo! Bo!"

Bo bo bo clack clack clack clack  
Get your street knowledge every posse know that come again  
Bo bo bo clack clack clack clack  
The only way to deal with racism if you're black

Well, seven in the morning I woke up to jog  
Rushed out the door to inhale the smog  
As I ran, I began to wonder  
Should I produce or should I tour this summer  
Well just that second I heard stay where you are  
Before I could stop I was hit by a cop car  
I laid on the pavement like I was hurt  
Then a redneck cop jumped out with a smirk  
He said, ah boy you better watch where you run  
As he poked my side with the barrel of his shotgun  
I said officer man I ain't do nothin  
He said what's that word you n----s use, ya frontin?  
Well ya frontin, so why were you running down the street?  
At this time I had stood to my feet and said wait a minute  
And that's when he did it, he hit me in the face with his gun I wasn't  
With it so  
On the ground was a bottle of snapple, I broke the bottle in his fucking  
Adam's apple  
As he fell his partner called for backup well, I had the shotgun and  
Began to act up with that

(chorus)

Well I threw down the gun and began to run  
I got back in no time and loaded the nine  
First I took two clips and then I took two more  
I was out the window cause by now they were right at my door  
I took three shots and then I laid  
They rushed in shooting so I threw a quick grenade  
It went boom like a supernova  
Badges arms heads legs cops were all over  
I jumped out the fire escape down to the street and I started to run you  
Know I couldn't feel my feet, I was weak, I said to myself holy shit!  
My shirt had filled with blood I didn't know I got hit but there's no  
Time to stop no time to explain man I'm in too deep with this everyday  
Ghetto pain  
Black men are judged by their clothes  
Black women are looked at as hoes

So I as one of these uppity n----s  
Can only rely on the sound of a trigga going

(chorus)

Well I staggered down the street to an old bookstore  
Called the tree of life (yo d it ain't there no more)  
But when it was boy I was lucky  
Cause in the basement is where they stuck me  
When I awoke at the 14th hour  
Three black women had gave me a quick shower  
I stayed a while and escaped in a truck  
Driven by two guys, rakim and chuck  
What the fuck I asked as I laid there how many guys do you drive a day  
There? chuck said many, rakim said plenty it's an everyday thing when  
You're willing to sing a song...

(chorus)

Peace and love to dj scott larock he's in there still!

# Boogie Down Productions Lyrics

## "Gimme Dat"

[krs-one]

Right, right! (woy)

Bring it (woy)

Bdp (woy)

Bdp (woy)

Bdp (woy)

Now smooth it out (woy, woy)

(woy)

(woy)

(woy)

Alright, here we go (woy, woy)

Hi, hello, whassup, and what's happenin?

I am known as the teacher in rappin

Some need slappin, cause what they're sayin

Is wack and weak and - wait, let me speak (woy)

Don't be the sucker comin into my face with that (woy)

Yang-yang, or you'll be down with the chain gang (woy)

Draggin your feet, to a beat produced by bdp (woy)

One of the many, from the library (woy)

I teach hip-hop for a living

So here's a smidgen, of what I'm givin

Krs-one two three four, encore

I'm not a freshman, sophomore, and further more (woy)

I graduated from the school of no shorts

To the world of rappin I brought

"that's it, that's all, single, no more, no less"

That style was created by dj krs (woy)

Offbeat got you out your seat (woy)

When I created the style, they studied every single week (woy)

Now you come in my face like you're rulin? (woy)

But I'm teacher boy, who you foolin!

See there's no defense against common sense

Confidence, intelligence or excellence

Intense, but here's the difference

Krs-one does not mean ignorance

Try obedience, magnificence

As a reference, stop the violence

Criminal minded, poetry, and jimmy hats

Is that your title? gimme dat! (woy)

(woy)

(woy)

(woy)

Now let's take it back a little bit (woy, woy)

(woy)

(woy)

You can't test bdp boy (woy)

So bust this down (woy, woy)

While I got your attention I feel like just

Lettin off two or three lyric then steppin

Jettin, gettin the respect of a teacher

My name is kris, 23, glad to meet ya

Bdp +is+ the number one set

I don't drop science, I teach it, correct!

Some get caught in my style like a net

They can't get out, so I treat em like a pet

Sit boy, down boy, don't bite me yet

I bet you're kind of hungry, here's a calcan, step

Cause I've got no time to hold your hand

I just slam, so you can understand who I am (woy)

The teacher, professor, scholar makin dollars (woy)

The trainer, entertainer, makin ya holla (woy)

The numero uno, number one, the best perfectionist (woy)

Crazy, fresh krs (woy, woy)

So gimme dat!

(woy)

(woy)

(woy)

Now take it on back (woy, woy)

Original.. original.. original.. hit it!

(woy)

(woy)

(woy)

Original.. ah one two three, we out! (woy, woy)



# Boogie Down Productions Lyrics

## "Ghetto Music"

"if you like the sound of what you've heard so far.."

[krs-one]

Ghetto music

Ghetto music

Ghetto music

Ghetto music..

.. you're tuned into that easy listening sound

With a cap and gown, not a crown

No glitter, no makeup

Just smashin lyrics, that make up

The b, d, and the p

You pay for the hits, the advice is free

In this industry, we gotta grow

Commercial some go, but, y'know

Just as important as they are

So is the underground superstar (like me)

You gotta ask yourself one question

Do I speak facts, or do I start guessin?

Learn the lesson, before you plan your career

Commercial or underground, where

Do you fit, cause both sides write hits

And all is rap, I'll admit

But what I've come to explain

Is that these people love to play a game

They wanna make it seem like you're wrong

For writin the reality song

(don't touch those issues, don't talk about dat

We don't take knowledge rap)

What? they want you on their bases

Cause if you bring out the brown, you're racist

But if you bring out the pink, well wait, it's ok

Yeah, they won't stop it

I guess it's alright to act demonic

I guess it's alright to act demonic

But that's another chapter, in another book

I've come to show a different look

And that look is the whole of rap

Not just the commercial pap

But the underground, that raw ghetto sound

From which rap music was found  
So you can't deny it, you cannot refuse it  
I'll be rockin that ghetto music

..

People keep tellin me, "kris!you need more radio  
Yeah man, that's the way to go!  
You gotta be like so-and-so to go platinum,"  
Then I attack em!  
I rhyme for the ghetto, I teach the ghetto  
I cannot let go, change up? heck no  
In the ghetto, I stay mellow  
We're in effect yo, ready, set, go  
Fresh, for nineteen eighty-nine you suckers  
Peace to p.e., and the jungle brothers  
Others, have come, to master the art  
They start, with heart, then fall apart  
Like a dart I shoot for one target (bo bo)  
Ghetto music, yeah they'll never chart it  
Cause now in eighty-nine, the purpose of a rhyme  
Is to strengthen and uplift the mind  
Although I'll achieve and achieve and achieve  
It's simple, I'll never leave  
Cause every time you front for respect you lose it  
I'll rock ghetto music

Ghetto music  
Ghetto music  
Ghetto music  
Ghetto music..

# Boogie Down Productions Lyrics

## "World Peace"

[krs-one]

World peace.. or world talk? !

Yeah..

One, two, three, four!

If we really want world peace

And we want it right now

We must make up our minds to take.. it..

Right now!

If we really want world peace

And we want it right now

Right now!

We must make up our minds to take.. it..

[krs-one]

Take it.. right now..

Don't hesitate! (world peace)

You want world peace? (world peace) (peace.. take it)

Or world talk?

(world peace..)

(world peace..)

(world peace..)

Yo, a lot of people are under the assumption

That peace, is soft or somethin

We must begin to reprogram our thought

From, how we were taught

Back in school, and our tv screens

Strength, is always mean

Love, is always soft

And peace is too peaceful

When all are equal

Sit back, and read the papers

About the murderers, thieves, and rapists

We depend on police for justice

But when do we say, enough is enough

Right now, and call their bluff

It's not a matter of frontin like you're tough

It's a matter of takin yours

And livin universal laws

Cause those laws, cannot be bribed

Nor changed, or paid on the side  
You must come correct and walk straight  
More love, less and less hate  
When you walk, walk with authority  
Tell the negative people, don't bother me  
Move your face away, I ain't with it  
In a minute, I'm gonna hit it!

If we really want world peace  
And we want it right now  
We must make up our minds to take.. it..  
Right now!  
If we really want world peace  
World peace..  
And we want it right now  
.. or world talk  
We must make up our minds to take.. it..

Break it down!  
Take it, yeah!  
World peace..  
Yeah.. come in..

Crash, smash, don't ask  
When the negative disrupts the class  
How much longer? get stronger  
The battle is getting longer  
World, peace, or world talk  
Do we run? or do we walk? (charge)  
If you want world peace, take it  
Cause a lot of our leaders fake it (fraud)  
It's similar to armageddeon  
When the positive people stop lettin  
The negative, control, how we live  
Listen to the music I give!

If we really want world peace  
And we want it right now  
We must make up our minds to take.. it..  
Take it!  
If we really want world peace  
And we want it right now  
World peace.. (right now!) ..or world talk?  
We must make up our minds to take.. it..

Take it!  
If we really want world peace  
And we want it right now  
World peace!

We must make up our minds to take.. it..  
Right now!  
If we really want world peace  
And we want it right now  
Come in now..  
We must make up our minds to take.. it..  
World peace.. or world talk? !

If we really want world peace  
Yes I do  
And we want it right now  
When can I get it?  
We must make up our minds to take.. it..  
Come in!  
If we really want world peace  
That's it  
And we want it right now  
Right now  
We must make up our minds to take.. it..

I want it now!  
If we really want world peace  
I want it right now!  
And we want it right now  
We need it right now!  
We must make up our minds to take.. it..  
No talk.. world peace!  
If we really want world peace  
Peace! \*echoes\*

# Boogie Down Productions Lyrics

## "Necessary"

When some get together and think of rap, they tend to think of violence  
But when they are challenged on some rock group, the result is always silence

Even before the rock and roll era, violence played a big part in music  
It's all according to your meaning of violence and how or in which way you use

It

No, it's not violent to show in movies the destruction of the human body

But yes, of course it's violent to protect yourself at a party

And, oh no, it's not violent when under the christmas tree is a look-alike gun

But, yes, of course it's violent to have an album like KRS-One

By all means necessary, it's time to end the hypocrisy

What I call violence, I can't do , but your kind of violence is stopping me

By all means necessary, the rap audience must grow up

The same type of fightin' we do, they do except we've got nothing to blow up

It doesn't matter if you win or lose, it's only how good you play the game

This is the oldest sneak attack, because it takes away our senses to gain

If all I do is play the game then I am just mediocre

We strive to be the best we can be, not to just get over

Some people say that life on a whole is serious and nothing is funny

That's only if you base your life around competition and money

Yeah, I'm making some money, he's making some money, but none of these things

Are necessities

What I find to be a necessity is controlling a positive destiny

With this, money, fame, glory and credit will come in time

The people down with me know this every minute they hear me sayin rhymes

I got some friends, I got some allies like Stet, and Big Daddy Kane

They know that by all means necessary that peace is the name of this game

Whether peace by war, or peace by peace, the reality of peace is scary

But we must get there, one way or another, By all means necessary.

Necessary from the Lp 'By All Means Necessary' by BDP, lyrics by KRS-1

# Boogie Down Productions Lyrics

## "Exhibit A"

\*clapping, barking, and somebody yells "yo whassup? ? !"\*

[lawrence krisna parker]

One two

Rap music, what does it mean

What is everybody in this industry for

What is everybody, buying rap for

Why do people get involved, in rap music

Rap music number one, is the voice of black people, number one

Number two, it's the last voice, of black people

Black people have created every music you hear out here in the streets today

Every single music, rock and roll down

Therefore; in a situation that has, all african music in it

All african music, uhh, exploiting itself of it, or coming out of it

All african influence in all it's music

And you have what is called american music awards

You have what is called theft

And what I would like to bring out today is rap music

As, a revolutionary tool in changing the structure of racist america

# Boogie Down Productions Lyrics

## "Blackman In Effect"

Blackman in Effect KRS-ONE and D-Nice

Wake up!

Take the pillow from your head and put a book in it.

It's time for the massive BDP crew at the top of the pile.

Yo. In the morning I'm yawning, at noon is when I wake up

Make up my bed break up the bread and said

Scratching my head, why am I so damn intimidating?

Is it because of laws designed to keep us waiting and waiting

Thus hating all forms of a setback

Get back, if you can't understand a rap act.

This is the language of the people ready to hear the crew

I've got no juice, 'cause I'm not getting juiced

To have juice means you kiss and lick a lot of booty

To have respect means you simply new or newly

Heard what I had to say and felt as though you'd say that too

I'm not down with a juice-crew

But anyway I say today the message I create is great

I don't preach hate, I simply get the record straight

It's not the fault of the black race that we are misplaced

We're robbin' and killin', your own medicine you taste

You built up a race on the concept of violence

Now in '90 you want silence

Well, I want science, not silence but science

Scientific fact about black

The board of education acts as if it's only reality

Is talking 'bout a Tom, Dick and Harry

So now you learn your black history is questions and answers

Every question but the Black Panthers

Timbuctoo existed when the caveman existed

Why then isn't this listed

Is this because the blackman is the original man

Or does it mean humanity is African

I don't know, but these sciences are hidden

For some strange reason it's forbidden

To talk about, or converse on a political outburst

I don't believe that I'm the first

Or should I say the first one, or the first one that's done

Music like I'm still number one

Music like that or this is the incredible uplift

Those that oppose get dissed

But who will oppose the teacher when society's a wreck

So check the blackman's in effect

Near the Tigris and Euphrates Valleys in Asia



Lies the Garden of Eden  
Where Adam became a father to humanity  
Now don't get mad at me  
But according to facts, this seems just fantasy  
Because man, the most ancient man  
Was found thousands of years before Adam began  
And where he was found, again they can't laugh at ya  
It's right, dead, smack in Africa  
But due to religious and political power  
We must be denied the facts every hour  
We run to school, tryin' to get straight A's  
Let's take a trip way back in the days  
To the first civilization on Earth, the Egyptians  
Giving birth to science, mathematics and music  
Religion, the list goes on, you choose it  
Egypt was the land of spiritual blessing  
Egypt was the land of facts, not guessing  
People from all over the world had come  
To learn from Egypt, Egypt number one  
So people that believe in Greek philosophy  
Know your facts, Egypt was the monopoly  
Greeks had learned from Egyptian masters  
You might say "Prove it", well here's the answers  
640 to 322 b.C. originates Greek philosophy  
But in that era Greece was at war  
With themselves and Persia, what's more  
Any philosopher at that time was a criminal  
He'd be killed very simple  
This indicates that Greece had no respect  
For science or intellect  
So how the hell you created philosophy  
When you kill philosophers constantly  
The point is that we descend from kings  
Science, art and beautiful things  
African history is the worlds history  
This is the missing link and mystery  
Once we realise they all are African  
White will sit down with black and laugh again  
So judge not least ye might be judged  
By the judgement ye judge, ye shall be judged  
Matthew seven, first verse doesn't budge  
No man should walk the Earth and sludge  
If you don't believe, you can go and check  
To see how and where the blackman's in effect

# Boogie Down Productions Lyrics

## "Ya Know The Rules"

[d-nice]

Aiyyo, aiyyo kris they know the rules  
Hahahahaha, yeah ya don't stop (say what? )  
A-ya don't stop (bdp in the house) a-ya don't stop  
(check it out, check it out...yo, d!)  
Yo bust it, yo yo kris hold on  
Let me give a shout out to some people, aight bust it  
A scott larock, and ya don't stop  
A sammy b, and ya don't stop  
A mister cee, and ya don't stop  
A cool v, and ya don't stop  
Evil e, and ya don't stop  
A easylee, and ya don't stop  
A dj scratch, and ya don't stop  
A spinderella, and ya don't stop  
Jam master jay, and ya don't stop  
A pa mase, and ya don't stop  
So yo kris, my mellow my man yo  
Get on the mic and do the best you can

Verse one: krs

Well, the teacher comes to you, in effect  
From a different style, a whole different sect  
I inject, force and intellect  
When I hit the mic, suckers hit the deck  
I come correct and practice what I preach  
I don't pimp you or rule you I teach  
Come through the doors and slap up whores  
Ordering them to put back on their drawers  
Cause, I run their pimp  
When I leave he leaves with a limp

# Boogie Down Productions Lyrics

## "Exhibit B"

[unknown speaker]

History can never be made by one man, we must smash this one quickly

History is made only by the masses of the people, this is clear

Even a cursory glance at the falasfallacious presentation

Of history by the american capitalist system, will demonstrate just this

Take george washington, as bad as he is

Put him in the middle of valley forge, by himself, surrounded

By the british, he can do nothing

\*laughing and applause\*

Mhmhmmmmhmm

Take martin luther king as righteous as he is

Put him in the middle of birmingham by himself, speaking out against racism

He would be lynched

But you take this same king, you take this same washington

Put them in valley forge, put them in alabama

Surround them with thousands of people who have the same ideas they do

Willing to make those ideas reality and the situation changes drastically

# Boogie Down Productions Lyrics

## "Beef"

Beef, what a relief  
When will this poisonous product cease?  
This is another public service announcement  
You can believe it, or you can doubt it  
Let us begin now with the cow  
The way it gets to your plate and how  
The cow doesn't grow fast enough for man  
So through his greed he makes a faster plan  
He has drugs to make the cow grow quicker  
Through the stress the cow gets sicker  
Twenty-one different drugs are pumped  
Into the cow in one big lump  
So just before it dies, it cries  
In the slaughterhouse full of germs and flies  
Off with the head, they pack it, drain it, and cart it  
And there it is, in your local supermarket  
Red and bloody, a corpse, neatly packed  
And you wonder about heart attacks?  
Come on now man let's be for real  
You are what you eat is the way I feel  
But, the food and drug administration  
Will tell you meat is the perfect combination  
See cows live under fear and stress  
Trying to think what's gonna happen next  
Fear and stress can become a part of you  
In your cells and blood, this is true  
So when the cow is killed, believe it  
You preserve those cells, you freeze it  
Thaw it out with the blood and season it  
Then you sit down and begin eatin it  
In your body, it's structure becomes your structure  
All the fear and stress of another  
Any drug is addictive by any name  
Even drugs in meat, they are the same  
The fda has america strung out  
On drugs in beef no doubt  
So if you think that what I say is a bunch of crock  
Tell yourself you're gonna try and stop  
Eatin meat and you'll see you can't compete  
It's the number one drug on the street  
Not crack, cause that was made for just black  
But brown beef, for all american teeth  
Life brings life and death brings death

Keep on eatin the dead and what's left  
Absolute disease and negative  
Read the book 'how to eat to live'  
By elijah muhammad, it's a brown paperback  
For anybody, either white or black  
See how many cows must be pumped up fatter  
How many rats gotta fall in the batter  
How many chickens that eat shit you eat  
How much high blood pressure you get from pig feet  
See you'll consume, the fda could care less  
They'll sell you donkey meat and say it's  
Fresh!for nineteen-ninety, you suckers

# Boogie Down Productions Lyrics

## "House Nigga"

Let me see, let me see  
How should I start  
If I say stop the violence, I won't chart  
Maybe I should write some songs like mozart  
'cause many people don't believe rap is an art  
Wake up, shake up, hypocrite look alive  
Blastmaster krs-one will revive  
Four or five million still deprived  
When out to survive, wake up and realize  
Some people say I am a rap missionary  
Some people say I am a walking dictionary  
Some people say I am truly legendary  
But what I am is simply a black revolutionary  
I write rhymes on plain stationary  
Mary, mary, quite contrary  
Doesn't make sense in my vocabulary  
Uncle tom house niggaz, too scary  
So they can't be around, I don't do this  
For every jesus, there must be a judas  
It's the concept of the house nigga, field nigga  
The house nigga will sell you up the river  
So to massa, he'll look bigger  
And when ya bet under a rock, he'll slither  
But I'll grab the tail of the house nigga  
Pull the trigger and his head I'll deliver  
To the court of righteous people  
Black, white, or indian, we're all equal  
So all ya racist codes I'll decode, explode  
And eat you like apple pie a la mode  
On a hot day, don't bring me no hamhocks  
Cause round the clock, I'll kick their buttocks  
All afternoon in the classroom, in the living room  
In the bathroom, in the swimming pool  
On a footstool, then I'll stop -- nope, april fools!  
Whip out the baseball bat and somehow  
March your racist butt to moscow

Ya know what I'm saying?  
Are there any, are there any intelligent people in the house?

What can I say, o ye of little faith  
To think that krs-one has surely been erased  
What a waste, my finger points at the face of the human race

They're confused and misplaced  
My words are subliminal, sometimes metaphysical  
I teach, not preach, you want a challenge? I'll start dissin you  
I go philosophical by topical  
Hearin the call, ignorant, hot tropical  
Ya want a palm tree and nice dope shade?  
Only if the universal law is obeyed  
Which is "know thyself" for better mental health  
Yet so many rappers are preoccupied with wealth  
On my shelf I got titles  
Other artists want belts and idols  
World cups from seminars and conventions  
Competition and not to mention  
The award shows for pimps and hoes  
And every other hypocrite that flaunt their clothes  
Krs knows, so he just grows  
Always sayin somethin different from the average joe's  
So I confront them with the biggest chain  
But it doesn't rate albums, I believe it is the brain  
So I'll remain free while you reign, I'm lovin it  
You be the king and I'll overthrow your government  
Send your crew to berlin or dublin  
I'll out-think em, chump em, and shrink em  
Down to ya size, despite the cries  
In the face of intelligence, ignorance dies  
Dear, it's simple edutainment  
Rap needed a teacher, so I became it  
Rough and ready, the beats are very steady  
With lyrics sharp as a machete  
Clap, there's another house niggaz neck  
Another soft unlce tom crew is in check  
Ego wrecked and rhymes corrected  
By krs-one, produced and directed

# Boogie Down Productions Lyrics

## "Exhibit C"

[krs]

Ya know, so we wanna clear the air  
And let you all know what time of day it really is  
Bdp are black revolutionaries  
First for humanity, then for the upliftment of africa  
And it goes a little somethin, like this



# Boogie Down Productions Lyrics

## "Love's Gonna Get'cha"

Ya know that's why man I be telling you all the time man, you know love,  
That word love is a very serious thing, and if you don't watch out I tell ya  
That (love's gonna get you) because a lot of people out here say "i love my  
Car" or "i love my chain" or or "i'm I'm just in love with that girl over  
There" so far all the people out there that fall in love with material items  
We gonna bump the beat a lil' something like this

Im in junior high with a b plus grade,  
At the end of the day I don't hit the arcade,  
I walk from school to my moms apartment,  
I got to tell the sucaks everyday "don't start it",  
Cause where I'm at if your soft your lost,  
To say on course means to roll with force,  
A boy named rob is chillin in a benz,  
In front of my building with the rest of his friends,  
I give him a pound, oh I mean I shake his hand,  
He's the neighborhood drug dealer, my man,  
I go upstairs and hug my mother,  
Kiss my sister, and punch my brother,  
I sit down on my bed to watch some tv,  
(machine gun fire) do my ears deceive me,  
Nope, that's the fourth time this week,  
Another fast brother shot dead in the street,  
The very next day while I'm off to class,  
My moms goes to work cold busting her ass,  
My sisters cute but she got no gear,  
I got three pairs of pants and with my brother I share,  
See there in school see I'm made a fool,  
With one and a half pair of pant you ain't cool,  
But there's no dollars for nothing else,  
I got beans, rice, and bread on my shelf,  
Every day I see my mother struggling,  
Now it's time I've got to do something,  
I look for work I get dissed like a jerk,  
I do odd jobs and come home like a slob,  
So here comes rob he's cold and shivery,  
He gives me two hundred for a quick delivery,  
I do it once, I do it twice,  
Now there's steak with the beans and rice,  
My mother's nervous but she knows the deal,  
My sister's gear now has sex appeal,  
My brothers my partner and we're getting paper,  
Three months later we run our own caper,

My family's happy everything is new,  
Now tell me what the fuck am I supposed to do,

### Chorus

That's why, (loves gonna get you)  
(loves gonna get you)(loves gonna get you)(loves gonna get you)  
You fall in love with your chain,  
You fall in love with your car,  
Loves gonna sneak right up and snuff you from behind,  
So I want you to check the story out as we go down the line,  
(loves gonna get you)(loves gonna get you)(loves gonna get you)

Money's flowing, everything is fine,  
Got myself an uzi and my brother a nine,  
Buisness is boomin' everything is cool,  
I pull about a g a week fuck school,  
A year goes by and I begin to grow,  
Not in height but juice and cash flow,  
I pick up my feet and begin to watch tv,  
Cause now I got other people working for me,  
I got a 55 inch television you know,  
And every once in awhile I hear just say no,  
Or the other commercial I love,  
Is when they say, this is your brain on drugs,  
I pick up my remote control and just turn,  
Cause with that bullshit I'm not concerned,  
See me and my brother jump in the bm,  
Driving around our territory again,  
I stop at the light like a superstar,  
And automatic weapons cold sprayed my car,  
I hit the accelerator scared as fuck,  
And drove one block to find my brother was hit,  
He wasn't dead but the blood was pouring,  
And all I could think about was war and,  
Later I found that it was rob and his crew,  
Now tell me what the fuck am I supposed to do,

Ya know that's why, (loves gonna get you)  
(loves gonna get you)(loves gonna get you)(love loves gonna get you)  
(loves gonna get you)(loves gonna get you)(loves gonna get you)  
(love loves gonna get you)(loves gonna get you)  
That word love is very very serious(loves gonna get you)  
Very addictive

My brothers out of it, but I'm still in it,  
On top of that I'm in it to win it,  
I can't believe that rob would diss me,  
That faggot, that punk, he's soft a sissy,

I'm driving around now with three of my guys,  
The war is on and I'm on the rise,  
We rolled right up to his favorite hang out,  
Said hello and then the bullets rang out,  
Some fired back so we took cover,  
And all I could think about was my brother,  
Rob jumped up and began to run,  
Busting shots hoping to hit someone,  
So I just stopped, and let off three shots,  
Two hit him and one hit a cop,  
I threw the gun down and began to shout,  
Come on I got him it's time to break out,  
But as we ran there were the boys in blue,  
Pointing their guns at my four man crew,  
They shot down one, they shot down two,  
Now tell me what the fuck am I supposed to do,

(loves gonna get you)(loves gonna get you)(loves gonna get you)

(love loves gonna get you)

(loves gonna get you)(loves gonna get you)(loves gonna get you)

(love loves gonna get you)

(loves gonna get you)(loves gonna get you)(loves gonna get you),

(loves gonna get you)

(loves gonna get you)(loves gonna get you)(loves gonna get you)

(love loves gonna get you)

Ya know a lot of people believe that that word love is real soft, but when

You use it in your vocabulary like your addicted to it it sneaks right up

And takes you right out. out. out. out. out.

So, for future reference remember it's alright to like or want a material  
Item, but when you fall in love with it and you start scheming and carrying

On for it, just remember, it's gonna get'cha

# Boogie Down Productions Lyrics

## "100 Guns"

("one... two... three... four...")

[krs-one singing: to the tune of 'ebony and ivory']  
Krs and melodie... live together with d-nice, and harmony  
Side by side with rebecca, d-square, sidney  
B...d...p...!  
("one... two... three... four...") yes!

Chorus: krs-one

I got a hundred gun two hundred clips  
Goin to new york, new york  
I got a hundred gun two hundred clips  
Goin to new york, new york

Verse one: krs-one

Well, I'm drivin my car, cross country  
With a hundred guns and about six g  
Me drivin through a town, me see two cops  
They lookin at me funny like they really want stop  
Me just turn my head, and gwan on me way  
Put hip-hop ina de tape and press play  
Me get one block and me hear "pull ov-ah"  
The guns are in the trunk, with a thin cov-ah  
They ax me for id, driver's license prefer  
Me ax them "was I breakin any law, officer? "  
They said "oh yes, you passed county line  
Niggers in these here parts now is a crime"  
I said "is that so? ", and cocked back me nine  
Bust two shots, ina the bwoy head top  
His knees just-a-buckle, and his body-a-drop  
Me put the car in drive, and me did not stop  
When I get to new york, I'm gonna set up shop  
Bwoy!

Chorus

("one... two... three... four...")

Verse two: krs-one

Me in a hotel, off ninety-five north

Everything's fine, and yes me on course  
Me walk to a bathroom, take a lickle leak  
But right out the window, I can hear the cops speak  
"we have the place surrounded we're about to move in"  
That's when I pick up my nine and just begin  
Pump pump pump! first copper hit the ground  
Pump pump pump! second copper go down  
Me jump out the window, tryin not to make a sound  
Me run to the car, gunfire all around  
I start up the engine, bust the barricade  
All because illegally I want to get paid  
Pump pump pump! there goes my tire  
Me spun out of control, the car caught on fire  
Me jump out the car, put me hands in the air  
Cops just surrounding me with pistols everywhere  
They put me in the backseat of their car handcuffed  
Pushed out them chests like they're big rough and tough  
A cop come and said "you'll never sell your guns now"  
I said "it doesn't matter, you'll sell them anyhow  
You take the guns from me, you sell them for a fee  
Anyway you put it, they'll get in the city"  
Hahaha... so still

Chorus 2x

Fiyah!!

# Boogie Down Productions Lyrics

"Ya Strugglin'💎"

[kwame toure']

Africans in america try to identify  
Totally with their master in every respect  
They are the only ones who can not do it  
But they are the ones who will go to all extremes to do it  
\* laughing \* (check it out) \* then laughing some more \*  
They can not be disguised  
But they will attempty to disguise themselves

[krs-one]

I'm on a search, not for a car or a miniskirt  
But the words I wish to exert  
Will hurt, damage or upset the ego  
You wanna be macho, yeah, but we know the deal  
Jheri curls just ain't gettin it  
Krs-one is only down for pickin it  
Pick the afro, need no soul glo  
Or carefree curls, that's just a no-no  
Where oh where, are all the real men  
The feminine look seems to be the trend  
You got eyeliner on, chillin and maxin  
See you're a man with a spine extraction  
So what I'm askin is plain to see  
Are there any straight singers in r&b?  
All I see, is the light-skinned buffy  
Tryin hard, to be mr. tuffy  
Yet in fact, you're mr. softie  
With the beige contacts on, yo you lost me  
I ain't with it, never will, never have  
How can your son even call you dad?  
Your skin is bleached and your nails you just buffin  
Take a look at yourself man, ya strugglin'

[kwame toure']

Africa is so strong, that once she puts a stamp on you  
Four hundred years of cold weather, death,  
And all that fryin your hair shall not disguise you  
As a matter of fact, she is so strong  
That no matter what chemicals you put in your hair  
She will come back and snatch it up  
\* audience laughter \*

[krs-one]

Tell me  
Are you proud man, of who you are?  
Or does your pride come out of a jar  
Cause if you bought it, put it on, or sprayed it on  
I tell you right now, it won't stay long  
Cause if it ain't natural, it ain't kosher  
It's like buyin and wearin a culture  
If that culture ain't yours naturally  
It's his, not yours, actually  
You better wake up and smell the coffee  
Look in the mirror and think mr. softie  
People change, when they are ashamed  
Of how they look or from which they came  
Are you ashamed, of original black?  
If you're not, why does your hair look like that?  
Why is your nose straighter, from surgery?  
I think you're really in a state of emergency  
You're not sane to the african aim  
So you're insane, and you need to obtain  
Any, average rap album sculpture  
And study it, just, to learn your culture  
Even though, you don't think it's music  
It's the blackest you'll ever get so use it  
The blue-eyed black man to me is buggin  
Take a look at yourself man, ya strugglin'

[kwame toure']

\* audience laughter \*

Yess.. capitalism will confuse these people, have them totally confused

They will try every way to identify with their masters, every way

Go to extreme lengths \* laughter \*, I'm telling you, seriously!

Capitalism will confuse them y'know tell them the truth's a lie

I saw a sister the other day and I spoke to her about her hair

She said, "i don't care what you say, I'm still gonna get my perm!"

I told her, "it's not a perm, it's a temporary"

\* audience laughter \*

Try in every possible way to identify..

# Boogie Down Productions Lyrics

## "Breath Control li"

[krs-one]

Hah, giddyap!

Ha ha ha hah..

Another dope dope dope style

By the massive bdp crew

Of course, I will now present to you

A different view, for 1990

Of course, eighty-nine is behind me

Check it out

It's called breath control, breath control, breath control stylee

Breath control a-lone, breath control a-lone

Breath control, breath control, breath control stylee

Breath control a-lone..

It's krs-one, yes the t'cha

I wear clarks and only nike sneaker

In your speaker, is the new style

Dedicated to the intelligent child

In the front row, or behind me

We're gonna pull somebody file for the 90's

You want lyrics? we come correct

Bdp, only movin with respect

The other mc's, they can't believe me

A when I rhyme it sound just like a cd

We don't lip-sync, we go all live

On stage, I bring about four or five

That's d-nice, sydney, and melodie

And myself, harmony, and willie d

We come humble, we just grumble

While other mc's crew just crumble

They want dancers, they want lighting

They want effects, to make them look exciting

But it's frightening, cause without that

The whole crew, is whick whick whick whack

Bdp comes, with the cheapest

And perform miracles like jesus

The total respect, we achieve it

And the big head-liner can't believe it

It's called breath control, breath control, breath control stylee

Breath control a-lone, breath control a-lone

Breath control, breath control, breath control stylee



Breath control a-lone.. get ready for the break..

Ha ha ha ha ha hah..

Well the styles i, usually dish out  
Are so dope that you don't wanna miss out  
We got pages, of the dope stuff  
So in the record store, you can't pass by us  
Get the album, hear the music  
And hold on so you just don't lose it  
As a reference, for any mc  
That wanna test, k-r-s, o-n-e  
Cause I've been watchin, these other rap groups  
They walk around like they're some kinda big soup  
You can't touch them, you only see them  
In a arena or big coliseum  
So when you watch them, for a second  
Them sound nuttin like they do on record  
Them sound cheesy, them sound wheezy  
For twenty dollars boy you know them never please me  
So I see this, and prevent this  
It's like goin for a checkup at the dentist  
Cause when you come to a bdp performance  
The microphone, had better have endurance  
Cause we'll check it, and then wreck it  
And then the soundman has got to accept it

Because it's breath control, breath control, breath control stylee  
Breath control a-lone, breath control a-lone  
Breath control, breath control, breath control stylee  
Breath control a-lone.. take it out..

# Boogie Down Productions Lyrics

## "Exhibit D"

[krs-one]

All you white people out there that think you're down with america can

Forget it. cause they tax all of us. all of us, one by one. just

Take a look at leona helm-helmsley. taxed her, she's white I believe.

\*laughter\* yeah threw her butt right in jail. she ain't nothin but

Another hoe, according to this system.\*laughter\* you ain't pay your

Taxes hoe, get back in jail. \*uproarious laughter\*

# Boogie Down Productions Lyrics

## "Edutainment"

[krs-one]

Give it to em!

Nuff respect!and praise to the creator  
Over the years it seems that I became a  
Landmark, in the hip-hop field of art  
I she'd light, yet my skin is dark  
I'm not conerned with climbin the chart  
Cause why should you pay when it comes from the heart?  
I'll start, cause only jah will create it  
I'll just name it, edutainment  
People sit and they look at my album  
Like a problem, they try to solve em  
They don't know, it only leads the way  
To a bright more positive day  
By itself, it's not the bright day  
Sit up straight, and hear what I say  
Fear and ignorance, I'm down for stoppin this  
But the bright day is your conciousness  
I am poet, my words will heal you  
I'm not a phony I'll really feel you  
That's why I walk and talk to my nation  
Wherever they are, in any situation  
They usually ask for an autograph  
And I'll whip out the pen and just write blast-  
-master, k-r-s, o-n-e  
Bdp, peace and unity  
But do not concentrate on the paper  
Concentrate on the laws of the creator  
Cause when the paper's gone, it will deceive you  
But allah will never leave you

Nothing I say now is hypothetical  
These are the facts, a little metaphysical  
We are one, every heart every lung  
So why then was the black man hung?  
He was hung by the so-called christians  
That went to church, and did not listen  
See jesus couldn't stand politics  
So they nailed him to a crucifix  
Then it was that way, today it's a trigger  
So why is the pope such a political figure?  
I don't know, but it's really beyond me

But through knowledge, they'll never con me  
Cause from jesus christ to right now  
Everytime a black man speaks up, ka-pow  
See people concentrate on the leader  
And not the message comin through the speaker  
If the christians really heard christ  
The black man never would've lived this life  
My point is that do not concentrate  
On what I state, create, or debate  
I might be great, and you might admire  
But what I say is to take you much higher  
More higher than the physical plane  
To the plane of forces in the astral plane  
The mental plane, and the final three  
They're all around you, yet you can't see  
So grab the sphere of life and aim it  
And you'll be guided by edutainment

# Boogie Down Productions Lyrics

## "Homeless"

Yeah...

You could call a man a bum with disgust on your morning run  
Cause he lives outside in the street, you don't know this  
But you've failed to realise that the one you so despise  
Reflects yourself cos every black man is homeless  
You could take your alka-seltzer while you talk about shelter  
You might even wanna talk about a little loan  
Cause no matter how rich you become you'll always be two, not one  
Cause believe it or not, america ain't your home  
We've been taught to say our name, afro-american, all the same  
Not fully american but gettin' there very slowly  
Cause to fully be american, you know, you gotta take out the word 'afro'  
Now they've relaxed I hear they might as well call us toby  
See, afro and black are african, while theft is american  
So how can afro-american make much sense?  
Your ancestors come from africa  
By stealing them now you're born in america  
So the black man is homeless even though he pays rent  
Some black people say "we built this place  
So we are american, but of the black race"  
Well let me make this little topic known  
The japanese also built this place  
In technology and they're winnin' the race  
But at the end of the day the japanese can go home  
Do you see the point that I'm getting at?  
I'm not a racist, I'm statin' a fact  
Blacks are actually prisoners of war  
Cause while south africa continues to fight  
We try our best to look more and more white  
Proof that the blacks have been stripped of their core  
Well, I guess I didn't sing and dance enough  
For black radio to play this stuff  
But this ain't soft like ice-cream with a sugar cone  
I'm only here to state one fact  
Wake up african, your colour is black  
And every black man is homeless cause he ain't got no home

# Boogie Down Productions Lyrics

## "Exhibit E"

[krs-one]

Lincoln said, in this piece here, he says... he frees the slaves; he  
Said, "all slaves in armed rebellion." the slaves. now understand one  
Point: the african is not a slave, that's one point that they didn't  
Realize when they were writin this. the african is not a slave. the  
African has a history far more advanced than this nineteen-ninety  
History we're in right now. he's not a slave. lincoln's ultimately  
Sayin now you were born a slave, you'll always be a slave, and all i  
Will ever see you as is a slave, and I free you.

# Boogie Down Productions Lyrics

## "The Kenny Parker Show"

Indeed truly we are the mighty mighty bdp posse  
This is our 4th album and we're still not takin no shorts

Yeah.. ha hah!

On the wheels of steel, is kenny parker

As we say he can't get no darker

All about action, not a fast talker

All the whick whack sucker dj's

Gotta try much harder

My man willie willie willie d

Taggin up bdp with a fat marker

And this, is what's on today's charter

Ha hah hah

All the ladies in the place throw your hands up in the air

Bdp rockin without no fear

So kenny parker if you know what time it is

Throw the funky fresh beat in like this

C'mon!

\* crowd chants "go, go, go, go" for a while \*

Ha hah

Well it's me, down with bdp

Krs-one rocks any party

Rocks the beats, and the breaks

Rock the socks off the frauds and the fakes

The suckers shake, while I'm creatin

They get together and they start debatin

How can we take him out one time?

So they push up the best with the freshest rhyme

I might go first, and he'll go second

I'll wreck him, deck him, say to him, "just checkin the mic"

Droppin fresh styles I like

So throw up your hands and drop your mic

Cause I'll go third, and he'll go fourth

By the fifth you're dissed cause you lost

Six is your beatdown, your title is seven

Takin out your four man crew makes eleven

By the twelveth well I'll go for self

Rockin new york like no one else

You can check any rapper from seventy-eight

A few have rocked their whole career straight

Some had dope twelve inches, count em

But not many crews had slammin albums  
Bdp rocks consistently  
From \_criminal minded\_ to 1990  
Why? well that's my secret baby  
Here's a hint: the public pays me  
So you can call me a public servant  
Not a king but a teacher, I'll believe I earned it  
So I just walk, or ride my bike  
If I walk to a jam well I'll rock the mic  
Gimme a chance and I'll rock the house  
But don't let a sucker try to take me out  
Cause male or female, I will strangle  
If it's a crew, they'll have to untangle  
Adidas, nike's, arms, mics  
Turntables suckers in the wheel of my bike  
Step right up if that's what you like  
But watch your head cause it'll fly like a kite  
In the night at a height right for flight  
Way out of sight, you bite, I recite  
My style is bright, still you're sellin out to white  
As your faggot dj would say, "well alllllright"  
I am your mentor  
Victory is mine, it's time you surrender  
Sucker! and just back up quickly  
Your style is sickly, but you persist to get me  
Or outwit me with the style that I created  
Years ago when you was doin a dollar fifty show  
Oh, all of a sudden you don't know  
Or can't remember, can't recall, can't bring to mind  
That rhyme that place do not chase  
I run a marathon a race of rhymes in your face  
In case you bass I'll erase your whole rap  
Tell you right now I ain't tryin to hear that

I don't dress up to rap or keep a hairdo  
I only grab the mic and bust holes in a crew  
I deny your existence as artists  
You're puttin out a record expectin to chart  
But it's weak, but when you speak through the microphone  
You fail to realize nope you're not alone  
On the earth, the light comes forth as krs  
Intelligence, force, and love manifest in the flesh  
I snatch the mic and she'd light  
Behave, you're still a 20th century slave  
Headed for the grave in a wave  
So save the microscopic miniature small talk and walk  
And put a little pep in your step  
Krs-one will destroy any ignorant reputation  
In the nation, in creation



Princes, kings, queens, or any occupation  
Like rappers with nuttin to say  
I crush those idiots and throw em away  
Cause no matter how fatter the wallet, I'd rather  
Gather together and splatter whatever  
Egotistic mystics, with macho poses  
If you ain't for black you're down for guns 'n' roses  
Yeah! c'mon!  
Throw your hands in the sky  
And wave em from side to side  
And if you're in this life just gettin by  
Somebody say, alright! (alright!) alright! (alright!)

Dj kenny parker takin out these sucker dj's  
My man willie d, never in a daze, ha hah  
We got symone in the house  
We got, d-square in the house  
We got ms. melodie rockin the soundset  
My man d-nice, hit it!

# Boogie Down Productions Lyrics

## "Original"

[Ms. Melodie]

Extra extra, read all about it!  
KRS-One's rhymes, have been doubted  
Suckers stepped up, and got MURDERED!!

[KRS-One]

Pump pump pom pom POING!  
Yo, this goes out, to George Bush  
Get off my... diggi-diggi-diggi-dick, diggi-diggi-diggi-dick  
Diggi-diggi-diggi-dick... Margaret Thatcher  
Get off my... diggi-diggi-diggi-dick, diggi-diggi-diggi-dick  
Diggi-diggi-diggi-dick... Bensonhurst  
Get off my... diggi-diggi-diggi-dick, diggi-diggi-diggi-dick  
Diggi-diggi-diggi-dick... De Klerk  
Get off my... diggi-diggi-diggi-dick, diggi-diggi-diggi-dick  
Diggi-diggi-diggi-dick

It feels good to grab the mic and just allow yourself to chat  
The master of the microphone is here and he's black  
Recitin poetry, beautifully articulated  
Demonstrated by the never faded strong facial feature  
Of the teacher, I am the teacher, you can check it  
The styles they're doing, is from my old record  
They bought my album, for \$8.99  
Studied the style, then wrote they own rhyme  
I don't mind because I'm here to show  
The lost MC's which way to go  
So here's my rep, to those that slept  
And didn't get the first concept in depth  
I am the manifestation of study  
NOT, the manifestation of money  
Therefore I advance through thought  
Not what's manufactured and bought  
Concentration, and calculation  
Goes into every song creation  
The first and second album rocked you  
Third album made you think and got through  
Didn't you think I knew?  
Number three, wasn't for the dance crew  
But it gave me a chance to see  
Who was REALLY down with BDP  
I set the warm milk, in the glass  
And the snakes came out the grass

They don't realize I'm not confined  
Nor trapped by space and time  
I am a rebel, an overthrower  
Descendant of the black man Noah  
Radio DJ's, all around  
Constantly tell me how they are down  
To uplift Africa and unite black  
Yet they fronted when I dropped \_Why Is That?\_  
It's a fact, I don't beg for juice, I just get loose  
And demonstrate the truth  
Many MC's can only rock the many  
But I rock a few with my brother Kenny  
>From twenty-thousand to ten I'm housin  
African culture is what I'm arousin  
In your consciousness, soul and body  
Pay attention while I rock the party  
Cause now I'm gonna show ya how the East Coast rocks  
Bumpin sucker MC's out the box  
Rockin the dreadlocks and the flattops  
I like these ops, so I'll try not to stop, but drop  
The new hip-hop, and get props  
Scott La, Scott La, Scott La, Scott LaRock  
Spins in heaven, while the earth I rock  
MC's adopt, the styles I drop  
They got no direction, they got no direction, they got no direction  
So they wanna go pop  
Chasin the charts up and down like suckers  
Totally ignoring their sisters and brothers  
They're the ones to say you're number one  
Not chart position, so pick up the drum and hum  
Sing along, it's a poetry session  
Mathematically applied, no guessin  
I'm fresh and dope and wild and wicked  
Get your ticket, come straight to the jam I'll rip it  
Original lyrics, original lyrics, original lyrics, Kenny Parker on the mix!

[Special K]  
Yes yes I'm Special K  
On New York's Two show on WBDP  
This is the brand new one by KRS-One of Boogie Down Productions  
And it's off the Edutainment LP  
Wanna send a shout out to the BDP Posse  
Of course to Teddy Ted, Nice and Smooth, D-Nice, D-Square  
And my man Fish, Sidney Mills, Ms. Melodie, Willie D  
And of course me... seeya!



# Boogie Down Productions Lyrics

## "The Racist"

### Verse

I've been taught to respect my elders and behave  
Even if when they were young they sold slaves  
Truth and understandin' is what I crave  
In the land of the thief, home of the slave  
Turn your page to a brief demonstration  
Cos now in '90 it's strictly information I'm givin'  
Teachin' on a regular basis  
Today's lecture is about The Racist  
We're not out to exaggerate or diss him  
But show the symptoms and facts of racism  
Understand The Racist ain't equal  
There's about five different types of racist people  
First of the five different types of cases  
Is the individual brought up racist  
Here you have young men and women  
Brought up in the Great White Way opinion  
This opinion introduced by the parent  
To the civilised becomes transparent  
The civilised man could look through the faces  
Make the analysis and see The Racist  
Number two case which y'all must hear  
Is the individual racist out of fear  
Here you have people that fear the African  
And conjure up new ways of trappin' him  
Number three is the unconscious racist  
Not knowin' they're racist they invade your spaces  
They say, "I'm not a racist, I'm not a bigot"  
Yet they allow it to go on and won't admit it  
Number four is the money racist  
The one that used the topics of sheer economics  
They say, "Owning a business isn't for the black man  
He don't want that", yet they went and took his land  
Damn, that's like a rock in a hard place  
You don't have your land yet this ain't your space  
America was built by every other race  
Except the European that runs this place  
What a waste, America's doomed  
To be overthrown by the righteous real soon  
But last but not least racial prejudice  
Is the black man speakin' out of ignorance  
Whitey this and Ching-Chow that

Is not how the intelligent man acts  
You can't blame the whole white race  
For slavery, cos this ain't the case  
A large sum of white people died with black  
Tryin' hard to fight racial attacks  
The media wants you to think that no whites  
Really fought and died for Civil Rights  
But once we have a true sense of history  
You'll see this too as a mystery  
If black and white didn't argue the most  
They could clearly see the government's screwin' 'em both.

# Boogie Down Productions Lyrics

## "7 Dee Jays"

[krs-one]

Yes! chillin in the place right now  
Harmony and heather b, ms. melodie  
Dj jamal-ski, dj kenny parker  
And of course we are gettin much darker  
Because the africanism is in effect  
So check it out, man!  
And try not to bite the lyrics  
Poi!

So come in now with the chorus of the day  
Because we don't play

Chorus: krs-one

It takes 7 dee jays to control a sound  
It takes one soundsystem playin music loud  
It takes 7 dee jays to control a sound  
But d-nice, you're gonna make the party live

[d-nice]

Bust it, yo

I love to diss whores, I love to do tours  
Makin young ladies just drop their drawers  
And when they drop em, I don't kick em, check it  
Like the fat boys said, i"brrrrrrrr, stick em!"  
From that point on, I say we're on for the night  
But I love it when the girl just call me d-nice  
And if she gets bold and try to ask for a fee  
I say, "please hoe, it's all about me"

[heather b]

It's not the star spangled banner or the red white and blue  
But the underground sister from the edutainment crew  
So what you do, is back up if you work for bush  
Cause all the presidential prison pushin politicians  
Gotta get mushed, gimme back my land you sucka  
You beat down my father and you raped my mother africa  
And now you wanna laugh at her  
I feel like pickin up a razor, and slashin ya  
Snatch up margaret thatcher and unmaskin her  
To find out she's a man without a manicure  
Go to president deklerk without askin her

And bust some shots for south africa  
And if margaret jumps in, I start bashin her  
For every freedom fighter start crashin her  
And then heather b will get nastier  
And pull out my two shot derringer  
Cause yes, heather b comes classier  
Cause heather b, jamal-ski, and krs the trainer  
Makes up the dope crew called, edutainer  
You'll find the law of balance on the two turntables  
So look out for the fresh edutainer label

[krs-one]

Biddi-by-by, by, by-by-by, jamal-ski, ki-ki-kiyah!

[jamal-ski] {best guess}

Jump up and be upon the mic and stick em  
Come follow me the man me work for the mic  
They call me top celebrity  
Me bigga me badda mad hatta me callin it well and dead-ly  
Me nah got no nine millimeter, me not want ya uzi  
But I kill run a leggin on misses dancee  
Blam! blam!we comin out and yes you are the don  
You hold for the mic upon they call me lyrical champion  
Me bigga me black, me know if me chat, ya know me and ya done  
Me read from genesis unto relevation  
Me nice and into england, nice it up in ja-pan  
Me have armitage, me have enough stylee  
Me whyla, grab the mic andna, sing to me, andna

[krs-one]

Come in de dance with the nuff stylee  
And krs-one, now comin in with harmony

[harmony]

Now I'm comin to the dancehall, everybody call  
Follow me follow me, sister harmony  
I perk, perk, perk, perk you up-a  
You don't need no coffee, let me, fill your cup-a  
Perk, perk, perk, perk you up-a  
You don't need no coffee, let me, fill your cup  
I'm a, stimulator, administrator  
Activator, initiator  
Captivator, originator  
Perculator, perk you up  
It's harmony, the minor key  
That moves with the rhythm passionately  
I ain't ego trippin I do it humbly  
Cause everybody's bound to hear the sound of bdp  
It's easy, for me you see



I ain't the one or the two, I'm the three  
And three (badda-ba-ba-by-by) it's the magic numberrr  
(badda-ba-ba-by-by)

Chorus: krs-one

It takes 7 dee jays to control a sound  
It takes one soundsystem playin music loud  
It takes 7 dee jays to control a sound  
But krs, you're gonna make the party live

[krs-one]

Well now it's blastmaster krs-one  
When we come in the dance, my lyrics not done  
Pray to my father cause yes me are the son  
Cause you are the guide and my pro-tection  
Any sucker mc must run come  
Kyan't test the boogie down production man  
Move ya ras claat, bdp stand alone  
1990 lyrics 'pon the microphone  
Every posse know we come in the dance  
We teach reality-ta-tee an'  
Reality, reality-ta-ta-tee  
We nah deal with sickness and negativity  
We come up in the dance in the ruff stylee  
In the discipline krs-one is just a flyer  
Come up in the dance with my man called edi ayah  
On the con-sole we have the man d-square  
Come up in the dance, and him must comb him hair-ah  
Come up in the dance, and me let off a clip-ah  
At george bush, cause him d my nigga  
Krs-one, him the president come  
The crew called bdp, melo-di-di-de-de

[ms. melodie]

Comin live and direct in full effect  
Ms. m-e-l-o-d-i-e on the mic check  
Well I'm up in your face like the wind from a blizzard  
Got my wrap around your throat, like you're chokin on a gizzard  
If someone said, well damn, who is it?  
It's ms. melodie, the real, so get with it

[? ]

Fatalistic pessimistic, a big conspiracy  
The way they treat blacks, in white society  
It's erection rebellion, revolution uprisin  
Takin no shorts, because jah is guidin  
Government they try to manage and rule  
Dictate, regulate, and perpetrate the fool

That's why I search, explore, inspect, investigate  
Drop down knowledge, and kill dub plates

[krs-one]

Kill dub plate-ah mi say kill dub plate-ah  
Kill dub plate-ah mi say kill dub plate-ah  
Krs-one, boy, must come fi straighter  
Comin up and doin the dance but not from eighty-eight-ah  
Every posse know me come in the dance not later  
Come in early, every posse captivator  
Krs-one, and enough herb gate-ah  
Come up in the dance, and we cannot debate-ah  
Krs-one, them call me krs-one-ah  
Krs-one, me come to nice up any ja-a-am  
Krs-one, them call me krs-one-ah  
Krs-one, me come to nice up any jam  
Me comin in the dance, with the crew called bdp-ah  
Down with the set is a harmony-ah  
Ms. melodie and my man kenny p ah  
Come in jam and look at what a raw stylee

[jamal-ski] {best gues}

Them name me permanent, permanent, permanent, permanent  
Pick-a-dig-dinny  
Jump up upon me come to run it again  
Me work pon the microphone you betta tell your best friend  
Tell your mudda and tell you fadda  
And tell your sista and yuh bruda  
A when they hold fi di mic they call me dj murderahh  
Me lyrical champion, they call me lyrical champion  
Lyrical champion, they call me lyrical champion, follow me now  
Lyrical champion, well they call me lyrical champion, flash it  
Oil the mic and ah, me on the jam  
Jump upon the mala the mic in ah me hand an' a  
When me do that, the dancehall fi run  
Some of dem sell fi cocaine, some of dem sell ganjah  
But I'm the one msn jamal me sell the culture stylah  
And me hold pon the microphone, they call me entertainer  
Now, top celebrity, top celebrity, top celebrity rankin  
Top celebrity, top celebrity, hoo-hah, ha-hah!  
Top celebrity, top celebrity, top celebrity rankin  
I'm the one jamal-ski dem from new york city-ah  
What dey call me, bdp posse an' a  
Jamal now can rewind stylee  
Rewind circulate, never ever imitate  
When me hold pon the microphone, say me lyrics dem great  
Test me, and you'll, test your fate  
Blam! blam! jamal now can know yes you are the don an' a  
Come in now krs-one, an' a

[krs-one]  
Ma-ma, ma-ma, ma  
Ma-ma, ma-ma, ma  
Ma-ma-ma-ma, ma  
Me a melt down the sound-ah  
Melt down the sound, come mi say melt down the sound-ah  
Krs-one, the master of the verb and noun ah  
Jump in the dance and my skin is yes browner  
Kings, mash up, crown  
Queen, rip up, dancehall gown ah  
Every posse know that we ah rule every sound  
Jump up in the dance and run every town ah  
Dj, nuff, clown  
Come up in the dance, bucks em right down ah  
If you a prince we'll flood ya and you drown ah  
Krs-one ah, mash up better sound ah  
Satan in the dance, we a mash right down ah  
Down, to the ground  
Krs him have the number one sound  
Sound sound sound, sound-sound sound sound sound  
Number one sound what in creation  
Play with yourself it's called masturbation  
Chop it off, castration  
Jesus christ get the crucifixion  
Three days later, resurrection  
He's comin back, read revelation  
Close the book, pick up your gun  
And fight in the african revolution  
Righteous man, get liberation  
Wicked man get execution  
It's called the battle of armageddeon  
Through my mouth is a translation  
Unto recknoning to circulation  
Nuff african education  
Dj kenny parker yes you are the don  
Edutainer teach nuff wisdom

Chorus: krs-one

It takes 7 dee jays to control a sound  
It takes one soundsystem playin music loud  
It takes 7 dee jays to control a sound  
But scott larock, you're gonna make the party live  
It takes

1 dee jay, jigga jay ah jay ah jay  
Ah 1 a jay jay ah jigga jay ah jay  
It takes 1, jigga jay jay, a jigga jay jay

Ah 1 a jay jay ah jigga jay  
It takes a jigga to your face, a jigga jay jay  
Ah 1 a jay jay ah jigga jay, a jigga jigga  
1 a jay jay a jay jigga jay a jay  
1 jigga jay a jigga jay a jigga jay a  
1..

# Boogie Down Productions Lyrics

## "30 Cops Or More"

[krs-one]

When they arrest a  
Black man, they need 30 cops or more.. well now  
When they arrest a  
Black man, they need 30 cops or more.. well now hey

If you a black herb smuggler  
They will, watch you by the hour  
It only means that if you have more money  
Then you have more power  
They will come in the night  
And they will read you your rights  
There is no need to fight  
If you're black there is no need to fight

But when them come to arrest a  
Black man, they need 30 cops or more.. well now  
When they arrest a  
Black man, they need 30 cops or more.. well now hey

Years ago a black man couldn't be a cop  
They could only be great dancers  
When the whole police department was white  
Justice, was the black panthers  
We've been robbed of our religion  
Our government and social position  
And you won't see no quick solution  
Until you see the black revolution

But when them come to arrest a  
Black man, they need 30 cops or more.. well now  
When they arrest a  
Black man, they need 30 cops or more.. well now hey

"he's gonna get across the border before we can catch him"

\*dogs barking\*

"just let me draw a bead on his black ass and he's dead"

\*dogs barking\*

They arrest us by the hour  
Cause the black man in the ghetto has power  
If he would wake up and unite  
The police department would lose the fight

But when them come to arrest a  
Black man, they need 30 cops or more.. well now  
When they arrest a  
Black man, they need 30 cops or more.. well now hey

If you a black herb smuggler  
They will, watch you by the hour  
It only means that if you have more money  
Then you have more power  
They will come in the night  
And they will read you your rights  
There is no need to fight  
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But when them come to arrest a  
Black man, they need 30 cops or more.. well now  
When they arrest a  
Black man, they need 30 cops or more.. well now hey

"he's gonna get across the border before we can catch him"

\*dogs barking\*

"just let me draw a bead on his black ass and he's dead"

\*dogs barking\*

"he's gonna make it"

"let the dogs go!"

"no I won't do it!"

"he's got full, they've only got two"

"they'll tear him apart, I won't do it"

"let the dogs go!"

"turn loose those dogs!"

# Boogie Down Productions Lyrics

## "Exhibit F"

[krs-one]

When you realize you have this army, or one concept, one thought, one  
Movement, one action; you have what is called a revolution. but the  
More we stay seperated, and the more we don't understand the concept of  
The eye, that is within all of us, then we will constantly constantly  
Lose, every single battle, from day one to day forever. thank you,  
We'll take questions. \*clapping, applause, and shouting\*

# Boogie Down Productions Lyrics

## "The Original Way"

Intro:[KRS]

Yes all ruffneck youth hold tight

all brooklyn man hold tight

all Uptown crew hold tight

all Bronx man seckle

I.C.U. in da house, Darren in da house

D Square in da house, Freddie Foxx in da house

Kenny Parker you know you run beats for years

It's the Blastmaster KRS One stompin all sucka dj crew

Of course you hear all commercialized album

but we come down ruffneck and wicked in the B.D.P. laboratory

On the sex and violence tip this year for 1992

Lick all shots

BOUYAKA!

All crew hold tight...nuff respect

nuff respect to all hardcore dj

no respect to all commercial dj

we bust shots all the way over to the west coast...see

now we gonna come down ruffneck, for the day

cuz its because B.D.P. crew dont play

Come Down! Kenny Parker cuz you know you a ruffneck

A one-two yeah, one-two hah and ya dont stop



we gon rock this beat til ya drop

now we gon kick it a lil somethin like this yall

we got Freddie Foxx and Krs One on the microphone

something ya not, ya not ready for as of yet

Now check it out

Chorus

Tribe Called Quest has a title(TITLE!)

Kid Capri dem have a title(TITLE!)

Flavor Unit has a title(TITLE)

EPMD dem have a title(TITLE)

BUCK BUCK BUCK!

Me a de don-don, de don-dong, de dong-dong diggide

de dong-dong, de dong-dong, de dong-dong diggide

Remember the name of the crew is called B.D.P.

Remember the name of the crew is called B.D.P.

now Freddie Foxx...you know you get ill jus

get on the mic cuz your programmed to kill!

[Freddie FOXX]

Check this shit out, this is for my man Blastmaster Krs One

and if you ever have a son, Im a buy him a gun

Check this out

Give that microphone

so I can take it to the front line  
cuz In a rap war, I shoot off rhymes  
and sound off a park like an M-16  
when I hit the scene, suckas turn green  
cuz I take the microphone and then I disrespect it  
and then I dissect it,  
put it back together  
lyrics or knuckles man whatever  
cuz you tried to step into a lyrical punch  
I had you all for lunch and took a shit  
out came a hit,  
you suckas betta quit  
Fuckin wit Freddie Foxx you get licked  
now listen all respect due to the Blastmaster Krs One  
Now Im done.....

[krs]

yes but of course, you could never be done  
because we a de number 1  
so check it out...

Chorus

Tribe Called Quest has a title(TITLE!)

Flavor Unit has a title(TITLE!)

Nice and Smooth has a title(TITLE!)

Kid Capri dem have a title(TITLE!)

BUCK BUCK BUCK!

Me a de don-don, de don-don, de don-don diggide

de don-don, de don-don, de don-don diggide

Remember the name of the crew is called B.D.P.

Remember the name of the crew is called B.D.P.

Check it out...

[Krs]

Now all type things that went on this evening

they all say they fresh but I'm here now

who you believin

who couldn't hear a hit if you hit up

what a pity, you tried to be quick wit the tongue

your style is dibbie-dibbie

you need no lyrical rush in your mumblin

whatchu sayin?

I serve you up like stove top stuffing

Im gonna say this once and I mean this

disattach yaself from my penis

give my genitals room to breathe

you take shots at me wit a weak album I cant believe

you got no skills, chill plus your corny

you think your hardcore cuz you got a 40?

my car is not tint

I dont eat wit a chip

when I read I dont squint

in real life I got the hard shit

you cant out grow me

you don't even know me

I be leavin the jam wit your black ass as a trophy

this is nobodys style but the teacher

so dont compare me to none of these creatures, features

feature and battle rappers

krs one is the head clapper

Chorus

Nice & Smooth dem have a title(TITLE)

Flavor Unit has a title(TITLE)

Nice & Smooth dem have a title(TITLE)

Kid Capri have a title

Buck! Buck! Buck!

Me a de don-don, de don-don, de don-don diggide

de don-don, de don-don, de don-don diggide

Remember the name of the crew is called B.D.P.

Remember the name of the crew is called B.D.P.

Outro:

Yes all roughneck youth hold tight

1992 style and we come down roughneck and wicked

rock all night rip up the mic

now we take you over to Kid Capri up in the park

Come Down Kid Capri

[Kid Capri]

Ladies and Gentlemen without further adue

put your hands together for my motherfuckin main man

ooh..ha ha ha..you know where that comes from right??

that comes from the parties and blowin up

Ladies and Gentlemen my peoples

B D P

# Boogie Down Productions Lyrics

## "Duck Down"

You say ah-one for the trouble, two for the time  
Ah-come on y'all, let's rock that...

Duck! or wind up down!!

Fiyah! huh

Pal joey in the house, d square in the house  
Check it out

You're stuck up, your luck's up, you fucked up, you're mud up  
You can't even jump up, so shut the fuck up  
Whattup? tough love, buck buck bucka  
Is all you're gonna hear when krs-one step up  
I'm thick like syrup, no, I'm not ? kura?  
Sit back and relax and watch the krs era  
No I won't let up, because of how I'm set up  
I come in the jam with the crazy fresh lyrics so you get up  
Mc's get wet up, they met up with atypical  
Subliminal, I'm original metaphysical criminal minder  
Fighter, petty gangster that flips em neither  
I simply grab the mic and make the party get liver  
I'ma, rhymers, with a tim-er attack  
To your mind, a reminder of what kind of headliner  
You'll see, when you come to the show  
Blastmaster krs-one, leo -- the lion  
Cryin mc's they be cryin  
When they sizzle in a big pot grease beggin, "please, please!"  
But I'll be efficient and flexin wisdom cuisine  
Then dismiss it as kris and kenny  
Rockin many, good n plenty  
Any mc tests me gets done  
Lyrically hung, I surgically remove his tongue  
Lyrics by krs-one

Duck! sucker mc's duck!

Bo! duck down!

Sucker mc's duck!

Duck! sucker mc's duck down!

I don't battle to lose or win, I battle  
To ruin your whole career, yo, watch what you doin  
I'm permanent punk, like a metallic marker  
Krs-one, but you'll call me mr. parker  
A pity I'm k-r, you ain't no superstar

Ha ha hee hee, blastmaster krs-one be  
Ripping up mc's with their meaningless words, y'know  
There's more wit, to one of my turds of shit  
You ain't shit, you never was shit  
So I spit, on your number one hit, now quit!  
Leave the poetry, it's just too strong for thee  
Maybe we should rethink the strategy see  
Poetry I speak, fluently I think youse a sucker  
Cause the only word you know is motherfucker  
Yo, you don't see a whole race in bondage  
No, you grab the microphone and feed em garbage  
Yo, everything about me is fresher than fresher  
Than fresher than fresh, of course it's krs  
Flashing lyrics, metaphysics, unlike you idiots  
Be doing, I'm pursuing, chewing your whole crew  
And what you feel like doin, your face they be ungluin  
Like a gift, don't step to krs, you're dismissed!

Duck! duck!  
Sucker mc's duck down!  
Duck! bo!  
Ree-winnnnnd!!

Duck! bo!

# Boogie Down Productions Lyrics

## "Drug Dealer"

All over the world...

Chorus:

Black drug dealer, you have to wise up  
And organize your business so that we can rise up  
If your gonna sell crack then don't be a fool  
Organize your money and open up a school

Verse one:

Drug dealer, understand historical fact  
Every race got ahead from sellin drugs except black  
We are under attack, here comes another cold fact  
In the 30's and 40's a drug dealer wasn't black  
They were jewish, italian, irish, polish, etc. etc.  
Now in 90 their live's a lot better  
They'll sell you a sweater, a pair of pants cold hearted  
But first sellin drugs and killin people is how they started  
Drug dealer, black and hispanic, stop killin one another  
Cause in the ghetto we're all brothers  
Organized economically, understand the psychology  
America is the drug monopoly  
They own the block and kill your brother for  
Therefore, we got the same enemy - what's more, I go on tour  
But who do you think picks up the bill?  
A hard workin fireman? chill

Repeat chorus 2x

Verse two:

Eighty percent of american business is created illegally  
This is a fact I don't ask you to believe in me  
If you're really in the drug game to win it  
Eventually you're gonna get shot, open a clinic  
Again, if you're really in the drug game to win it  
Invest in a prison, therefore you can be put in it  
Everyone else did it now they chillin  
Above the law, while your under the law still killin  
One another, wake up my hispanic brother, my african brother  
America's not your mother  
Or your father, so don't bother with right or wrong



Just check out the logic in the song  
Organize, realize, become un hypnotized  
To the lies that your livin for the get high  
See many people have forgotten the fact  
That america was never ever built for black  
So when some people are gonna run and buy crack  
Take the money and put it back into black  
It's only logic, see krs-one will rock it  
With knowledge, education for the people I'll never stop it  
Organize and legitimize your business  
Remember, everybody else did this

Repeat chorus 2x

# Boogie Down Productions Lyrics

## "Like A Throttle"

[krs-one]

\*snapping fingers and singing\*

Ha ha, hah hah! da-doo-doo-doo, do-doo

You wanna test me are you stupid?

Gotta be out of your fuckin mind

Krs-one is the don, seen?

Come down kenny park-ah!!

Hahaha, you know

I don't know what your management be tellin you

I don't know what your producers be tellin you

But yo, you step this way

You're gettin played, out of position

So let me give you a little style

Check it out

Everytime krs-one steps in the jam

The party is packed, he got the mic in his hand

Brooklyn's ready uptown's in the house

Kenny drops the beat and we turn the party out

That's it! none of the gimmicks, tricks, oh it's

You either have the hits, or the crazy hype lyrics

But mc's come half-assed, and lookin pitiful

None of em lyrical but their ego is critical

Like I said I'm not a muslim but to allah I'm obedient

Some mc's on the mic become muslims when it's convenient

And I've seen it!

Real muslims praise allah, and they mean it

Others are dreamin it with sex me and do me and

I'd rather listen to the brand nubians

You know it's funny everybody wants money

And material things from cars and chicken wings

When they sing, they sing for the cash

They fail to realize, respect will outlast cash

You get respect by bein creative

And yes a native to your audience, so you know reality

In other words, if you ain't a gangsta why play you a gangsta?

If you ain't a hoe, why sell sex?

If you believe in allah, how is it you can only work when there's a check?

All of this is incorrect

First should always come respect

The charts are not equal to the respect of the people

Their respect doesn't weeble or wobble  
They know the difference from an artist and a lip-syncin model  
    Right on stage, you'll get a bottle  
    You're-holding-my-dick-like-a-throttle

    I'm the freshest thing on the mic don't mess with me  
    I'm fresher than your grandmother's fried chicken recipe  
Don't test me, you ain't a chemist and I sure ain't chemistry  
    You're not a mathematician and my name ain't geometry  
    You're no astronomer why see me as astronomy  
    But I'm a parker so I'll play you like monopoly  
    Don't entertain the thought of droppin me  
    To think of me as anything less than your teacher  
    Crazy you got to be  
    These type of lyrical styles cannot be said sloppily  
    I rip it up constantly  
    You're-holding-my-dick-like-a-throttle

    The teacher will come, again and again and again and again  
    To set the trend and lend to other men a perfect blend  
    So-when-their-lyrics-finish-krs-one-just-begin  
Ripping up sucker teachers put their courage to an end  
    So once again, the trendsetter comes a lot better  
    Forever too clever for a petty mc in leather  
    Whenever they decide, whatever I'm in sync  
    The lyrics I write, help me think  
To guide ink off the paper through the air smack in your face  
    And erase in haste the rhymes you embrace  
    Just in case, get the fuck out my face I run this place  
    You're lucky you're from the same race  
    A simple technique will keep you on beat  
With the style from the street you compete with the elite  
    That's weak -- flashin gold and can't speak  
    I seek the direction of the brown complexion  
    So every year, I appear somewhere  
    That you hear my dear to get one thing clear  
    Whether on welfare or millionaire  
    Don't step to this here or you outta here  
    Allow me now to please change the gear  
? and-pick-up-the-mic-you-missed-those-happen-around-me-have-me-feared, come!?  
    ? we come in the dance we haffa likka of a shot an towah?  
    Let's get back to the hip-hop  
    You come into the place you can't look in my face  
    Cause the light is bright and I'm towering in height  
    See there are millions of stars in the sky  
When the sun appears none are visible to the eye  
    Why, the reason is the sun is the sun  
    You can't possibly rock, until I'm done  
And finished, and like the evening I'll fade

But when I return you'll cry for more shade  
So check the dancestyle cause I am not  
Softening up it's time that I rock and sing  
Not about my ding-a-ling-a-ling!  
But instead bring intellect pon ting  
Cause you can inject ignorance in rap  
But kenny parker ain't tryin to hear that

# Boogie Down Productions Lyrics

## "Build & Destroy"

[kenny]yeah.. whoo! aiyyo will?  
[will]whassup kenny?  
[kenny]i got a serious problem man  
[will]what's the problem?  
[kenny]yo after all these years of rippin shit  
These suckers still try to front!  
[will]but check this out we've been on tour  
With everybody so I don't know why they frontin  
[kenny]everybody!  
Y'all be in every party I be in every jam  
I see they faces and they look at me and front  
[will]they come to every show and know we  
Break shit up all the time  
[kenny]you know what.. yo kris, what's your opinion?

[krs-one]  
Yo, I love the way I am and can't nobody out here change me  
Rearrange me, tame me, try to game me, you don't play me  
When I grab the mic then shock the party spot  
Your rhymes are flip-flop, I'll rock, hip-hop  
Non-stop, me nah stop rock  
You can touch this, but you'll get shot  
Now what's this all about? kris and humanity  
In my face you're happy, on vinyl you're mad at me  
Yo, pro-blackness is your solution  
But I don't really know about that style you using yo  
Too many teachers in the class spoil the class  
After awhile you got blabbering fucking fools  
That's worse than always talking about sex, let's build  
It ain't enough to study clarence 13x  
The white man ain't the devil I promise  
You want to see the devil take a look at clarence thomas  
Now you're saying, "who? " like you a owl  
Throw in the towel, the devil is colin powell  
You talk about being african and being black  
Colin powell's black, but libya he'll attack  
Libya's in africa, but a black man  
Will lead a black man, to fight against his homeland  
An accomplice to the devil is a devil too  
The devil is anti-human, who the hell are you?  
I lecture and rap without rehearsal  
I manifest as a black man but I'm universal  
The capital k, small r-i-s

Capital p, small a-r, capital k, small e-r

We are, the star

Without the use of a car we go far

I build and destroy!

[kenny]yeah kris, serve em man, serve em!

[will]yo why're they so jealous of bdp?

[kenny]i don't know will.. yo don't get mad, get fresh man!

[will]word

[krs]don't ever try to challenge bdp!

[kenny]man.. just shut the fuck up and listen!

[krs-one]

This shit is crazy! your remarks don't faze me!

People have a problem with me, cause I ain't lazy

I talk on vinyl then I act

What have you done, besides critique krs-one?

I create organizations

Without organization, there'll be no black nation

What the fuck are you really saying?

You ain't a human while your music's boomin anti-human

I'm assumin -- if you ain't human you're a beast

The white man could be the devil all the day, that's the least

What are you doing for yourself black man?

Trying hard to be the original man - who?

The first man, with the first tan, on the first land

With the first clan, who gives a damn? ? ? !

In history krs is well advised

But it's something that my brain won't memorize

I don't base my whole life on memory

I base my life on my spirit and body chemistry

Africa is the home of humanity

Which makes the african a humanist, challenge me

You gotta learn not to be so concerned

With the original man, and see the criminal man, yeah!

The now man, with the now plan, with the now tan

With the right now genocide master plan

Damn! we gotta think about stopping this

God is not any black man on the land; God is conciousness

When you understand this you'll see kris

Until then, you can get dissed

I'm not your prophet, messiah, minister, or savior

Chill with that I'll behavior

I zero in like a laser

You're cuttin your wrists with a razor

I got all type of flavors

Yes I am the original teacher

You gotta study the qu'ran, torah, bahavaghita

The bible, five baskets of buddha zen

And when you've read them shits, read them shits again!  
But watch what you're repeatin  
If you don't know the history of the author  
You don't know what you're reading!  
Yeah I'm still the original  
Leaving mc's lyrically miserable  
Their criminal syllables are minimal, show me respect boy  
Cause I build and destroy!

[kenny]now.. after all that  
If anybody out there still got beef, check it out  
We rip the lecture tours, we rip the beats  
We rip the jams, we'll straight up rip that ass  
Knowhati'msayin will?  
[will]word!  
[krs]yeah it seems they all forgot  
On the mic you'll get fucked up  
In the clubs you'll get fucked up  
Anywhere bronx brooklyn queens manhattan  
Jersey japan staten isle.. yo anywhere you'll get fucked up  
Don't you know we live for the battle?  
I'm outta here  
Yo cut that beat off

# Boogie Down Productions Lyrics

## "Ruff Ruff"

[krs-one] \* voice echoing\*  
Think you dope? want this title?  
Then you better come step up or step off!

[freddie foxxx]  
Yo check this out, all jokes aside  
Let's get busy

[krs-one]  
Word! blastmaster krs-one in the house  
Hah, everybody for some reason wanna be a gangsta  
You don't know nuttin about bein no gangsta

[freddie foxxx]  
Worrrrrrrd up! aiyyo check this out  
This is freddie f-o-x-x-x  
And guess what's next

[krs-one]  
Every posse wan fi chat, they wan fi chat, they wan fi chat  
Every posse wan fi chat, but ju knows dem is wack  
Every posse wan fi chat, they wan fi chat, they wan fi chat  
Every posse wan fi chat, but ju knows dem is wack  
Every posse wan fi chat, but ju knows dem is wack  
They jump pon the mic, an' wan fi do it like dat  
But ahh, now dis a krs, me nah takes dat  
When me open up to work, I put a cape on me back  
Then me, fly all around the emcee world  
Krs, the artical, is not to be [\*changes from patois\*]  
Fucked with, ? with, or tampered with  
Don't give a fuck if you wanna riff  
But when you say kris, already derivative of kris  
My eyebrows lift and that ass I get with (huh)  
As a matter of fact, I attack, hijack  
Set back, your career, like a quarterback  
That broke his back, my tongue is like a bat  
Your eye'll get black, you'll need an icepack (rrrrruff!)  
I'm all that, come with your whole pack  
You'll be prayin to the God of isaac  
So freddie foxxx, it's time to get tough [uh-huh]  
Just, get on the mic and get ruff, ruff

[freddie foxxx]



Soon as I flex, cause I'm about to rip up shop  
It's the return of the hip-hop master, freddie the foxxx  
(bo!) rappers that see me, don't even speak, just walk  
Cause I'm the maddest nigga in new york (hah!)  
I see a rapper in the crowd that I don't like  
I wanna fight, so when I drop the mic  
I'ma jump off the stage, bumrush your crowd to whip  
(suckers) that wanna be pimps  
How I heard it said that a pimp'll sell his ass  
If his hoe won't, but freddie foxxx don't  
Cover your chest g, you better wear a bulletproof vest see  
Cause I'm about to leave this place a motherfuckin mess  
Open hearts on the floor as I explore  
Rappers that wanted to be more than number four  
Number one's a hard spot; either you fight  
Or get shot, so this is what I got (bo!)  
Three tec-9's, my uzi, ten grenades, my razor blades  
And I aim to get paid!  
So who wanna step to this, don't come soft  
Cause i'ma straight up knock niggaz off (pom! pom!)  
And when the cops come to get me  
I'ma take a dead body, and bop ten cops with me  
I'm sick and tired of hearin rappers talk smack  
About who's nice, and who's whack, motherfuck that  
They know my style, and my rep, every stage  
That I stepped on - I was the rapper they slept on  
But y'all rappers keep sleepin - cause when they plant  
Bombs in your house, i'ma wake you up and punch you  
In your motherfuckin mouth, knock your wife out  
Take your sons to safety, cause they're just kids  
And I wanna raise em to face me  
And when they get a little bigga  
I'ma mark them little niggaz, and put their fingerprints  
On the trigger -- double homicide, call the vice  
Another rapper and his family with no life  
Yeah you're mr. tough and, you're full of stuff and  
And freddie foxxx caught you bluffin  
I got you in my torture chamber and you scream  
Oh God damn, it's like \_silence of the lambs\_  
But I don't mangle em and eat em  
I take mc's to the war zone, and there I defeat em  
It gets much worse, with every verse  
As the f-r-e-d-d-i-e f-o-x-x-x, hurts!  
Punishes, stomps, smashes, crushes, maims  
You suckers know my name!  
Aiiyyo kris! I'm rhymin long enough (say what? )  
Get on the mic and get ruff, ruff

This is the year that I go all out (why? )  
Edutainment's what I'm all about (and)  
I don't eat franks with the sauerkraut (cause)  
Because I don't eat pork from the tail to the snout  
(well kick it) get on down, to the hip hip hop  
Before I start, peace to scott larock! (word)  
Now let me drop the style that has action  
Cause many mc's don't believe they're rappin  
They're lost, crazy mixed-up in their identity  
This is not, what hip-hop is meant to be (word up)  
I come unique, I can't be beat, hardcore street  
For the kids, with a hundred-and-fifty on their feet  
(kick it) I don't compete, I defeat and delete ya  
Then critique ya, all mc's retreat, here comes the t'cha  
Chewin suckers like smuckers  
Hittin on, sittin on, shittin on, flippin on motherfuckers  
Yeah, I'm like the movie \_aliens\_  
I hide inside your right hand man, when you think you got me  
Bam! my head comes out your chest  
A mutilated mess of nastyness  
Chunks of bloody flesh, yes krs on the slaughter  
Specialize in instant rhyme style, you simply add water  
Evian, I pull the string then  
Ring-ding-ding, ding-ding-ding-ding  
Back in the days, I wrote +south bronx+  
The juice crew got stomped, lick two shot  
Pom! pom! really it was magic's fault  
Always wanna diss somebody, he got put to a halt  
It's wack, when a sucker dj babbles on  
Soupin up mc's to battle on song  
That's wrong, but in any event, I drop the classic  
In 1992 the original it ain't plastic  
Everybody know, bdp, is fantastic, burn like acid  
Credit card plastic, stretch like elastic  
Love and respect is the tactic  
Bam! in your motherfuckin face  
Krs in the place  
I never liked listening to bitches and hoes anyway  
(fi-yah!)

[freddie foxxx]

Well you know I like hoes, cause I'm a mack  
But I don't like the wack tracks, youknowhati'msayin?  
And for all your suckers out there  
That underestimate the militant mack, get the bo-zack  
You know what I mean? (word) word!

[krs-one]

You know why?

Every posse wan fi chat, they wan fi chat, they wan fi chat  
Every posse wan fi chat, but ya knows dey is wack  
Every posse wan fi chat, they wan fi chat, you know dem a wack  
Every posse wan fi chat, but ya knows dey is wack

[freddie foxxx]

Yes.. fresh.. for nineteen-ninety-two you suckers \* echoes \*

[krs-one]

Motherfuckers! brrrrrrrrrrrrrr! \* echoes to fade \*

# Boogie Down Productions Lyrics

## "13 & Good"

I walked in the place very big space  
Every kind of race dancin' and niggas made chase  
A very pretty face, feel the bass  
Basses kick, flygirl jumps on my tip  
The drink that I sip implies this it it  
She looked to be about 26 I ain't dizzy  
It's time to get busy!!  
Welcome female is in my arms.  
Overwhelmed by my playboy charms  
We jumped in the ride rushed to the crib  
I ain't gotta explain what we did  
Built to last I simply waxed that  
Ax the question, no need for guessin'  
Hey baby, how old are you?  
21 24 maybe 22  
I'm twenty five  
She shucked and kinda neeghed  
And said, "hee, hee, hee I'm only 13"  
13!! I need a quick escape  
That's statutory rape  
But she was good!

Chorus:

Good!

(you should been there she was)

Good!

(man that jail term won't be)

Good!

(but she looked)

Good!

(man her brothers will beat you )

Good!!

(even if I get beat down it was still)

Good!!

The story gets better, this girl is kinda clever  
She said, "i wanna be with you forever"  
I said, "forget it I need to get my life in order  
You could almost be my daughter"  
She started sighin' and her sighin' turns into cryin'  
Her cryin' turns into her replyin'  
"where's the phone? . I think it's time that I went home"  
She called her pops and said, "come get me I'm all alone

I'm sorry daddy I slept with an older man"  
He said, "don't worry. the 45 is in my hand.  
I'll be there before you count to four."  
One two three four  
He's at my door  
She said, "see what you did you caused me all this grief.  
Your goin' to jail my daddy's a police chief.  
If I can't have you no one will.  
And I ain't even on the pill."  
But you was

Chorus: repeat 6x  
Good!!

Daddy walked in and the whole scene kinda changed  
He grabbed his daughter and almost beat the girl insane  
She's cryin' down the hall and now goin' home  
He closed the door and, "i'm happy we're all alone  
Jump on the bed and look me straight into my eyes  
I think your kinda cute, don't make me use my 45"  
Daddy's lookin' for a lubricant  
He pulled out a little piece of gum and started chemwin' it  
He said, "for year I've been lookin for a big strong man  
I've got an apartment out in brooklyn  
Only my daughter and I live there  
You can see my daughter anytime, anywhere  
But it's you that I want to be mine  
The price tag is your behind  
Don't worry it'll be

Chorus:

Good!!

The morale of this story?  
There is no morale you finish the story for me  
When your livin' your life everyday in the hood  
Wakin' up in the mornin' should feel

Good!

# Boogie Down Productions Lyrics

## "Poisonous Product"

Back off, crack off, slack off  
Act off your instinct  
And think in a wink, or blink  
I'll make your body shrink  
I use ink and memory, my record companies selling me  
My fans be telling me I'm the greatest  
You hate this, rigid, metaphysical, criminal minded poet  
Don't blow it, if it's lost, I'll show it  
If it's torn, I'll sew it  
It's kinda off beat yeah I know it  
The styles I originate, I don't wait for fate  
I practice love not hate  
But mcs get ache  
They wait and hesitate on the act  
But always can debate on that trivial fact  
This is krs and I'm black!  
Same color as the brothers in iraq  
War is wack, especially when you die in vain  
Bush invaded panama, how can you really place blame on hussein?  
Regardless of the name, the insane economic game has got to change  
Like a range rover over the plains  
I come equipped to rip shit  
Not ignorant, intelligent - artistic - inquisitive - positive and negative  
The sedative is the poetry I give  
How yah live krs is in the house!

The poisonous product (is) pimped out to poor people  
Penetrates pieces of their thinking equal  
It comes in peaceful thru the "tell-lie-vision"  
Distorts your vision  
Now the lies got you wishin' thru transmission  
You wanna be a better christitan  
You wake up sunday mornin' to watch "tell-lie-vision"  
Mission - christians be sayin "accept jesus in your life"  
Christianaty was founded 400 years after christ  
What are you accepitng in your life?  
Christianty or the teachings of christ?  
Make up your mind, they're not the same thing  
In 1992 the blind leads the blind  
Right into the ground they can't show you where God is  
Because they haven't found!

First - put down your Bible and release your sins

The Bible is dead, God is alive  
Within, metaphysically speaking, I'll be clear  
You wanna see god? take a look in the mirror!  
A tree is always known by it's fruit  
A human being can walk up right or crawl like a brute  
Yeah, now who do you salute? the barbarian teaches us to hate our roots!  
Despise our culutre, look for culture in another man's existance  
Resist this - resist this master plan...  
To turn the black man into a statistic  
Why? 'cause he's materialistic  
He wants to make a record but thru none of the logistics of it  
Love it or leave it alone  
Blastmaster krs is on the microphone  
In the houuuuuseee...

# Boogie Down Productions Lyrics

## "Questions & Answers"

Yo kris whassup this press stuff man?  
Yo I don't money, I don't know, they frontin  
Yo why we don't get no respect?  
I don't know man  
They got all them gangsta lookalike, know y'know  
But you know what?  
All them fraud magazines I'm tired of  
I'm tired of us not bein on no covers  
But you know what?  
We rock the streets, anyway  
Regardless to what anybody say  
Well well, yo yo, I tell you  
As long as you rip up the streets  
You don't gotta have no press, youknowhati'msayin?  
That's right  
As long as you stay true to the streets  
All these wannabe black, black, black  
Black nuttin - you know, chewin all that black  
Cause they ain't really reportin nuttin on no black nuttin  
They wanna be right, and they wanna be, rap, and..  
That's why I read the final call  
The final call got it goin on, youknowhati'msayin?  
Yeah  
I mean, if you really wanna check out somethin black  
I mean, all these other magazines, they got  
They can only show you the light-skinned girl  
Or the light-skinned guy, and all of that, yaknowhati'msayin?  
I ain't with all that nonsense  
Ha hah, we won't name any names  
But they know who they are though!  
Ha hah, knowhati'msayin? watch yourself  
I don't know why we can't get no covers though!  
Yo kris, I don't why  
Cause we just slammin everywhere we go  
Yo, bdp been rockin for like six years now  
Six long hard rough years, youknowhati'msayin?  
And, and for some reason  
Everytime these commercial acts come out  
They get the cover the first..  
They could drop a twelve inch single  
And they be snatchin up the cover  
You know why? cause they don't wanna deal with reality  
In any of these magazines



Hey kris, I got the answer to all your problems  
What's that?  
Just interview yourself  
Interview myself?  
Yeah!  
Aight check it out  
Kick it!

[krs-one]

Question: why everything you do is fresh?  
Answer: my name, blastmaster krs  
Question: you only write reality, why?  
Answer: no time to waste, our people are going to die  
Question: going to die? please explain this topic  
Answer: some people are using ignorance to make a profit  
Question: how do we stop it?  
Answer: throw em in a jail cell and lock it  
Question: why, are people so stupid?  
Answer: they got a brain and fail to use it  
Question: how did it get like this?  
Answer: people are more worried about ass and tits and  
Little bits of information  
The barbarians teach us just to be barbarians in the nation  
This new creation  
Takes on the manifestation of the board of education  
Question: what's the solution?  
Answer: organized, revolution  
Question: revolution implies killing..  
Answer: whether you fight or talk, the blood is  
Still spilling, and we're chilling  
Thinking of our history as elmer fudd  
Everything, black people got in this country  
They got through shedding their blood, word!

But they ain't gonna print all that  
They too concerned about what you wearin  
What kind of benz you got, or bm  
But I think this year  
Since we knockin all these sucker frauds out,  
You might get some press  
But when you talk that conciousness -  
Nobody wants to listen  
Word up, it's a crying shame though  
I, ah-i tell you this though  
If I was talkin sex and all that nonsense  
I'd get all the covers  
Yo kris, just chill, and interview yourself  
That's what I like to hear  
Aight aight check it out

[krs-one]

Everything you learned in law school  
Can be taught, when you're six years old  
But they make you wait and wait and wait and wait  
And wait, and of course, the information, is then sold  
But what if you can't afford to pay?

You walk around ignorant all day!  
The pimp don't care, it's really your decision  
Kick up that money hoe!! oh, I mean tuition  
They be dissin, that ass you be kissin  
Sittin in a room with a liar, and you must listen

Question: who are you dissin?  
Answer: the concept that turns a rapper, into a dancer

Question: are you really all that fresh?

Answer: yes, yes.. yes!

Or, "si," to the people speakin spanish  
You better make use of krs, before he vanish

But all these magazines'll vanish before you will  
They better start printin the real real hip-hop  
From bdp

Yo yo but check it out will  
They ain't interested in no real hip-hop  
They ain't interested in graffiti art, breakdancin  
And real rap music, they just wanna know where the money is  
Why why why?

Yo I think some of these journalists  
Need to start gettin punched in they face  
Hah, I got a big fist

# Boogie Down Productions Lyrics

## "Say Gal"

This one hyah, is a must  
Let top selector crush y'all with skill  
Cause ya know it's so skillful  
Long time for reggae music no hip-hop music  
Could take it with said speed  
So come.. bust!

[krs-one]

All you see in the newspapers nowadays  
Is nuff gal talk bout them been raped  
And them been molested and them been beat up  
And them been all sexed up, seen? hahahah  
But now krs-one comes to give you this  
Come down, come down, come down

Well now you're sleepin and you're creepin with the stardom  
First you do the nasty, then he raped me  
You're creepin and you're sleepin with the stardom  
First you do the nasty, then he raped me

Say gal! why you comin to the hotel?  
Say gal! you wan good sex we can tell?  
Say gal! your skirt so tight it hug your butt  
Say gal! you're lookin like you really want.. want..  
Gal! don't tell me you can wear what you want  
Cause nowadays a most dem gal a dressin like a slut  
Say gal! a woman must, respect herself  
Say gal! so leave the see-through dress upon the shelf

Because you're creepin and you're sleepin with the stardom  
First you do the nasty, then he raped me  
You're sleepin and you're creepin with the stardom  
First you do the nasty, then he raped me

Say gal! you don't wan man call ya bitch  
Say gal! you walk down the street with a switch  
Say gal! have the answer, control your body  
Say gal! you know you kyan't test me  
You wanna hug me, you're kinda sexy  
But if me rush up an' feel your body  
Boom! you run cry, "him a rape me"  
Boom! you run cry, "him a rape me"

Because you're sleepin and you're creepin with the stardom

First you do the nasty, then he raped me

You're creepin and you're sleepin with the stardom

First you do the nasty, then he raped me

..

Say gal! krs keep one lady

Say gal! all ya kind, nah nobody rush me

Say gal! at the show, ya move ya body

But, I better show now what ya wan' with me

Don't try to set me up now witcha own demo tape

Don't try to set me up now wit the statutory rape

You wanna hug me, and try to sex me

But if me rush up an' feel your body

Boom! you run cry, "him a rape me"

Boom! you run cry, "him a rape me"

Because you're sleepin and you're creepin with the stardom

First you do the nasty, then he raped me

Reeeeeeeeeeeewind!

Now all hip-hop reggae crew

Hip-hop reggae crew in holland

Hip-hop reggae crew in london

Hip-hop reggae crew in germany

Hip-hop reggae crew in japan

Hip-hop reggae crew in l.a.

Hip-hop reggae crew in new york

We run tings every single time

Sydney mills, krs-one, kenny parker, d-square, seen?

Now all golddigger hold tight

Say gal! why you comin to the hotel?

Say gal!you wan good sex you can tell?

Say gal! your skirt so tight it hug your butt

Say gal!you're lookin you really want.. want..

Gal! don't say ya wear what ya want

Cause nowadays most gal dress like a slut

Say gal! a woman must, respect herself

Say gal! so leave that see-through dress up on the shelf

Because you're sleepin and you're creepin with the stardom

First you do the nasty, then he raped me

You're sleepin and you're creepin with the stardom

First you do the nasty, then he raped me

..

[kenny parker]

This should take five seconds

Yo, this is dj kenny parker in the house

I just wanna say peace to my man bizmarkie

Epmd, de la soul, a tribe called quest

Shabba ranks, ice-t over on the west coast

Nice and smooth, gangstarr

And umm kid capri

And yo check out this next beat

Cause it's kinda funky!

# Boogie Down Productions Lyrics

## "We In There"

Yeah.. ahh, back to that old shit!  
For all you fake-ass teachers out there  
Aiyyo kris.. break this shit up!

[krs-one]

The type of lyrical terrorism I present  
Educates people, at the same time pays my rent  
You've been hearin me now for the past twelve semesters  
When the suckers stepped up, I had to use the drastic measures  
I know you want to step to me kid!  
But you're thinkin, "damn, kris is kinda big!"  
Plus he rolls wit a crew that don't care  
And drops a hit album, hit video, hit single every year  
From your eye drops a tear  
I don't play that shit, I play that hit  
Your whole gangsta image is not legit  
You heard \_criminal minded\_, and bit the whole shit  
Now if I punch you in your face I'd be wrong  
Don't even think about battlin with a song  
You'll be gone, your career ain't strong enough to call my bluff  
You ain't rough, you ain't tough, you'll be handcuffed  
With your ribcage crushed  
Naked in a box, with multicolored tube socks  
You know my fuckin name  
Blastmaster krs is thinkin long range!

Yeah we in there, yeah yeah (repeat 4x)

[krs-one]

They are in there, like you'll soon be in prison  
(you await and this is faggot, your ass you'll be given)  
Who you kiddin? you're only tryin to rock a party  
You ain't really down to shoot nobody  
So why you frontin? sayin from the cops you be runnin  
In jail in a pair of panties you look just stunning  
You pop all that wannabe shit on vinyl  
Until your ass is bein pumped by some faggot named lionel  
In jail you ain't got respect  
You a fairy, I'll be takin your commisary  
And the picture of your sister, mister  
As seamy as pee-wee herman, I ain't trying to diss her  
This ain't no bullshit game and I ain't changed  
I'm just thinkin long range

People died so I can rhyme..  
You think I'm gonna grab the mic and waste my nation's time?  
Step up with that weak shit  
You're psychologically, historically, and spiritually sick  
Plus you're on my dick  
Changin the subject, your rhyme style ain't correct  
You know my fuckin name!  
Blastmaster krs is thinking long range!

Yeah we in there, yeah yeah (\*repeats\*)

Krs.. kenny parker.. willie d.. from long island  
Heather b.. ska-danks..  
D-square.. sidney mills..  
Ha-ohhhh.. go brooklyn, go brooklyn!  
Go bronx! (go brooklyn, go brooklyn!)  
The bronx! yell southside bronx!  
Southside bronx! southside bronx!  
Southside bronx! southside bronx!  
Southside bronx, arrrrrrrrrrrrgh!

# Boogie Down Productions Lyrics

## "Sex & Violence"

Hu hah!  
Hah! hah! hah! hah! hah!  
And you just don't stop, fiyah!  
And you just don't stop  
Prince paul in the house, lick two shots  
Come down!pom pom! pom pom!  
Pom pom! check it out!

Sex and violence, sex and violence  
Sex and violence, we just can't take it  
Sex and violence, sex and violence  
Sex and.. wheela!

Nuff man dem come again my selectin  
On and on cause why? we run tings every time  
Uptown massive just settle  
Brooklyn chill out!  
Now we come down ruff and wicked from the bronx, seen?  
Come down my selector!

All crew just hold tight  
Nuff respect, check it out!

R&b now run tings again an'  
Rock'n'roll now run tings again an'  
Commercial rap star run tings again  
Pure hip-hop reggae run tings to the end, check it  
Shabba ranks him inna hip-hop style  
Ziggy marley inna hip-hop style  
? ? ? inna hip-hop style  
Krs-one in de dance, make a man go wild  
Krs the artical don  
Rock from ja-pan, all the way to brooklyn  
Open in the bronx, at the puerto rican  
In them ? area, say ooh no, bust shot  
Me never listen to all them slow jam  
They wanna talk bout a woman and man  
Give me a jam that, is not a scam  
Can you address mine self, who I am?

Check it!  
Check it!



Me don't wan sex and violence, sex and violence

Sex and violence, we just can't take it

Sex and violence, sex and violence

Sex and violence, we just can't take it

Look on the radio, them talk bout sex

Look man tv, there nuff violence

Krs him always make sense

But the radio station have no intelligence

Inna america the problem is immense

Inna england the problem is immense

Up in the bronx, yes the problem is immense

Every man and woman wan sex and violence

You kyan't see this it's, ignorance

You kyan't see there is no intelligence

You kyan't see there is no common sense

When you think of entertainment, there's sex and violence, so

R&b now run tings again an'

Country music now run tings again an'

Commercial rap now run tings again

Pure hip-hop reggae run tings to the end, check it

Check it!

What? me don't wan, sex and violence, sex and violence

Sex and violence, we just can't take it

Sex and violence, sex and violence

Sex and violence, we just can't take it

Everybody inna hip-hop style

I.c.u. inna hip-hop style

Krs inna hip-hop style

Yes ? cause dance go wild

You never know see a kid learn quick

Him want money so him flash down lyric

Him want money so him flash down lyric

Pure, sucker screw but where him get it?

Sucker screw is entertainment

Sucker screw the people want it

Sucker screw but we revere it

So aids now becomes the epidemic

Me don't wan, sex and violence, sex and violence

Sex and violence, we just can't take it

Sex and violence, sex and violence

Sex and violence, we just can't take it

R&b now run tings again an'

Commercial rap now run tings again

R&b now run tings again

Country music you're lookin at your end  
Krs the artical don!  
A from japan all the way to brooklyn  
Up in the bronx at the puerto rican  
In them ? area, say ooh no, bust shot

# Boogie Down Productions Lyrics

## "How Not To Get Jerked"

"and now, a word from our sponsor.."

[krs-one]

Now technically speakin I ain't 'sposed to be doin this  
Like givin information to the ones that are new to this  
You wanna make a record and get into the business?

Here's a little plan from a six-year witness

First you gotta understand the music game

It's not about fame, it's about a rich name

And who you're down with, and who you clown with

But most of all, you got to have a gift ("it's like that")

Either music or the fresh lyrics

Or a vibe; people like to buy your spirit

Everybody knows krs-one is dope

To really see it, you gotta use a telescope, hah!

There's no hope when you're shoppin for a deal

Either sex appeal, or the hard street feel

But if you don't have a lawyer you're a goner

Don't even think about chillin in a sauna

You need a lawyer, and a good manager

Without this, the record companies won't be havin ya

So I'm grabbin ya now and showin ya how

Not to get jerked when you do hard work!

"it's like that y'all" \*16x\*

"one, two, three, whoo!"

[krs-one]

Yo, there's more to it, but let's get through it

Many mc's reached the top and then blew it

You say, "i knew it, that last jam was wack"

Either you're strung out on crack, or you don't wanna

Be black anymore, or, you don't wanna rap anymore

Or, you do a wack tour, or, you get in trouble with the law

Or, your fans you ignore, or, you get punched in the jaw

Cause, you're not hardcore!

What makes a jam isn't luck or fate

It's writin the jams that the people can relate to

Or else they'll hate you

The public will mark you down as a fake crew

You don't need all that

Just rap from the heart and you'll have a good start

But a lot of mc's want girls  
And wanna live on top of the world  
In the jam they wanna flirt  
Here's how not to get jerked when you do hard work!

"it's like that y'all" \*16x\*

[krs-one]  
Now understand, rap is rebellious music  
Therefore, only the rebel should use it  
But pop artists abuse it  
When the audience hears real rap, they boo it  
See rap music is a culture  
And everyone outside that culture is a vulture  
The vulture makes money on the culture  
Understand, I ain't tryin to insult ya  
But you're either usin rap like the devil  
Or you're pushin rap to another level  
So don't wait for your company's promotions staff  
Promote yourself with your own cash!  
But this might mean you can't buy gold  
You might have to put that on hold  
Cause if the artist falls, they diss him!  
But if the company falls, the artist falls with them!  
This ain't about a tight skirt  
Here's how not to get jerked when you do hard work!

# Boogie Down Productions Lyrics

## "Who Are The Pimps?"

Stick up!!!

All gwan put your hands up in de air  
And turn around with your face to the ground  
Stick up!!!

Here we go

Who are the pimps? Who are the pimps?  
Wimps, sitting behind a desk  
You only get a glimpse of the action or reaction  
When you don't respond to them TAXING  
You fuck a lot when you're tax exempt  
Like with the church, the rules were somehow bent  
The more money you make, the more money you can have  
You lose your mind after a while trying to just  
Grab and grab and grab and grab and grab  
Until the pimps roll around real mad, what they say?  
"Pick up that money hoe!"

You done all the work, but now a part of the show  
You're a hoe, you pimped all around real fresh  
Got letters on they chest spelling I, R, S  
And they be taxing, asking, sitting back relaxing  
Pimping asian, european, blacks and chicano  
Hah hah! But they can't pimp a wino  
Why? Because a wino don't want nuttin  
It's when you try to get ahead they start frontin  
Capitalism -- the system of pimps and hoes  
I'm sorry that's the way it goes  
In this particular system everyone's a slave  
Racist is how they want us to behave  
White Johnny, be fighting black Michael  
Both are blind to the system's sick cycle  
In a circle psychotically they slay each other  
With a grin, because of color of a skin  
"Pick up that money hoe!" (3X)

Now we don't want to get you all alarmed  
A little education never did you no harm  
When Africa's free the African will be free  
Capitalism says we're ALL in slavery  
They're not looking at the color of a human brother  
April 15th they're looking at your mother!  
"Pick up that money hoe!"  
You work all week, and now your money has to go

To a pimp, and it's you that limp  
They cut your check and take a tenth  
Don't wanna hear no lip, about support of family  
Cause on a piece of paper that's a fantasy  
They don't care if you're in a bad mood  
Your wife needs shoes, your kids need food  
Uh-uh, pick up that money honey  
The pimps so serious they're funny!  
They'll look you straight into your face  
And tell you that your money's going to a good place  
Like Social Security or Welfare  
But if you go to the Bahamas you'll see them all there  
"Pick up that money hoe!" (4X)

# Boogie Down Productions Lyrics

## "The Real Holy Place"

Why are metaphysical teachings forbidden?  
Why are metaphysical teachings forbidden?  
Why are metaphysical teachings forbidden?  
The only way to talk to God is in church?  
Hah hah hah, you must be kidding  
For years they kept God hidden  
Look for God in self, not in what's written  
Turn this up and listen

If your slavemaster wasn't a christian you wouldn't be a christian  
\*whip cracks\*

If your slavemaster wasn't a christian you wouldn't be a christian  
\*whip cracks\*

If your slavemaster wasn't a christian you wouldn't be a christian!!!  
\*whip cracks twice\*

Your whole culture's missing  
Hebrews are african, see they originated judaism  
The belief in one God is monotheism, see the truth is not hard  
All you gotta know is the facts  
When religion mixes with politics... it all gets wack

You gotta know your history, or they'll tell you that God is a mystery  
And when you're born, you're born in sin  
That's bullshit. that's bullshit!  
They're only saying you can't win  
You can't succeed, you can't acheive  
Don't ask about god, just sit there and believe  
Well I ain't tryin to hear that lesson  
Cause one thing I know  
Cause one thing I know  
Cause one thing I know is that the truth can always be questioned  
Yeah that's how I'm livin  
Ask and ye shall be given  
When you're lyin, hah hah hah, you got no answers  
You got handclappers and a whole lotta dancers  
In the church or sanctuary

They all forgot jesus was a revolutionary  
They all forgot jesus was a revolutionary  
They all forgot jesus was a revolutionary!!!  
That hung out with criminals  
I would say read the Bible but it's not the original  
So it's really misleading

If you don't know the history of the author you don't know what you're reading  
If you don't know the history of the author you don't know what you've read

You can't taste the nectar  
That answers the question on why I do lectures  
Cause where every mc claims to be the teacher, I be dissin professors  
Keep that Bible on your shelf  
God helps those that help themselves  
Stop reading from a dead book

Stop reading from a dead book for a live god!  
You know how stupid you look!  
God reads the Bible with you  
You both read the language of the devil that's dissing you  
What can the next man do  
With a Bible in his hand that you yourself can't do?  
Whether christian, buddhist, muslim, or jew  
Burning candles don't get you down with the universal crew

So why you dress up on easter and worship a false mary  
That looks like mona lisa? hah hah, damn you lost  
On christ-mas, what's the purpose of santa claus? \*bells jingle\*  
On christ-mas, what's the purpose of santa claus? \*bells keep jingling\*  
On christmas what's the purpose of santa claus!!!  
Or saint nickalaus, I'm sick of this wickedness  
All revolutionaries check this

I'm not synthetic  
I'm not anti-christian, anti-muslim, anti-buddhist, or anti-semetic  
But I will set it off in the temple  
Cause the real holy place is mental  
The real holy place is mental  
The real holy place is mental \*starts echoing\*  
The real holy place is mental \*echoing a lot\*  
The real holy place is mental!  
The real holy place is mental!!!

Mental-physical, metaphysical